

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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A VOICE COMES OUT OF THE SKIES

WHY THE AEROPLANE CAME DOWN

Bubble of Air Stops Atlantic Racer

MAN IN THE SKY HAS DEEP-SEA TROUBLE

The fall of Major Wood into the sea on his way to Ireland for the Atlantic Flight was due to engine stoppage, and the engine stoppage was due to air-lock. How many people noticed, however, that this accident in the skies was a reproduction of what happens down in the sea? The engine which failed came down through what, in a man, is called diver's palsy.

When the carburettor of a car or an aeroplane is fed by gravitation, by the natural fall of petrol from a tank above the engine, there is no trouble unless dust or water intrudes. When, as in the case of Major Wood's aeroplane, the petrol tank is placed low for balance, the petrol has to be forced to the carburettor by pressure of air. Now, in certain circumstances, this air may form bubbles and hold the petrol back from the engine.

When the Diver Goes Down

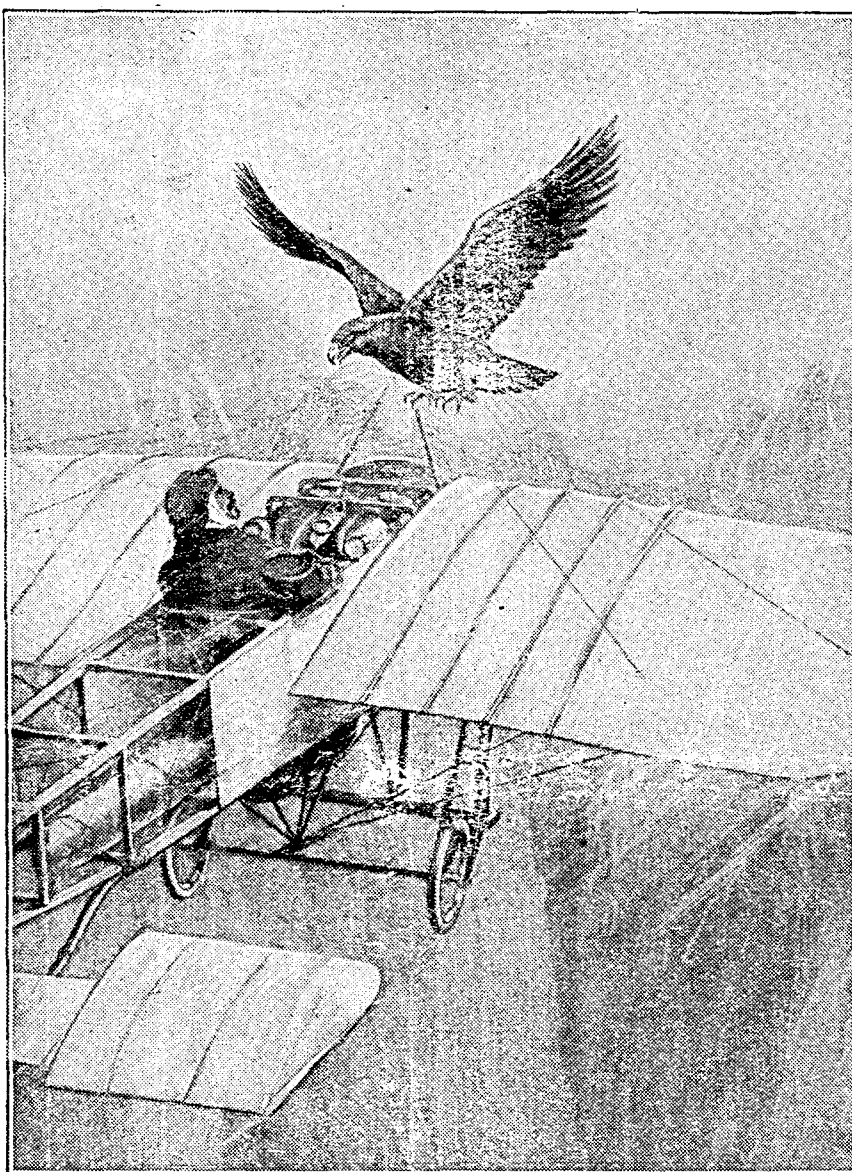
That is what happened to Major Wood. Precisely the same sort of thing happens in the body of the diver who descends to great depths in the sea. For every 30 feet he goes down the pressure of water increases by 12½ pounds to the square inch of his body, and at the maximum diving depth of 210 feet the force is about 100 pounds to the square inch. But he is supplied by air forced by pumps down into his diving suit to equalise the pressure of water from without.

In these circumstances the nitrogen from the air he breathes passes off from his lungs into his blood, and saturates every part of his tissues. Should he ascend too rapidly, his condition becomes like that of an uncorked bottle of soda water. The carbonic acid gas the soda water has absorbed under pressure fizzes off in bubbles; the nitrogen in the body of the diver who rises too swiftly froths off in bubbles. He has an air-lock, or diver's palsy.

Bubbles

Now, bubbles in his nervous system cause paralysis; bubbles in the bloodstream, reaching the heart, cause death. A bubble of air will prevent blood from entering the heart as it will prevent petrol from reaching the carburettor, and all that can be done for the diver is to send him down again into the water to "decompress" slowly; all that can be done for the aeroplane is to dip to the sea as Major Wood did, and trust that help will come.

Meeting an Eagle in the Air



Jules Vedrines, the immortal French airman, now dead, was attacked by an eagle in one of his flights. See story on page 7

When I Was in Italy—By Mr. Wilson

When I was in Italy a little, limping group of wounded soldiers sought an interview with me. I could not conjecture what it was they were going to say, and, with touching simplicity, they presented me with a petition in favour of the League of Nations.

Their wounded limbs were the only argument they brought with them. It was a simple request that I should lend all the influence I might have to relieve future generations of the sacrifices they had been obliged to make.

That appeal has remained in my mind as I have ridden along the streets in European capitals and heard the cries for the League of Nations from the lips of people who had no particular notion of how it was to be done, but whose hearts said that something must come out of this.

As we drove along country roads old women would come out and hold flowers to us because they believed that we were the messengers of friendship and hope.

It is inconceivable that we should disappoint them, and we shall not. The day will come when men will look back with swelling hearts and rising pride that they should have been privileged to make the sacrifice for men of every kind everywhere. God give us the strength and vision to do it.

ON NORTH POLE ROAD STORES LEFT BY THE WAY

Tables Spread in the Icy Wilderness

MARTIN FROBISHER'S LITTLE STONE HOUSE

By the time these lines are printed a hardy Dane will be setting forth into the Arctic wilderness to spread tables for a man separated from him by hundreds of miles of ice and snow. Captain Amundsen will have left his little ship frozen in the ice in the farthest north attainable, and Knud Rasmussen will be laying food depots along a line by which Amundsen may return.

The stores left for Polar explorers may, or may not, be found by the men for whom they are left. In the track followed by Captain Amundsen a store of food was left in 1907 for Mylius Erichsen, Hoeg Hagen, and Bronlund, the Eskimo. But it was never found by them. They starved to death, and left behind them only a record of their last hours from the pen of the valiant Eskimo.

A Little Boy's Book in the Arctic

The food these dying men sought lay hidden; and three years later Ejnar Mikkelsen and two friends, seeking the dead men, found the food when they themselves were at the point of death. They survived, returning to civilisation so wild-looking and hairy that men mistook them for oxen, and fired at them.

When Peary marched to the North Pole he found an old camp, and dined on potatoes, pemmican, maize, rhubarb, and tea; abandoned there a quarter of a century earlier. With the food were records of tragedy, records kept by Lieutenant Kisingbury, who perished with 16 of his companions. Beside his writings was a hymn-book given him by his little boy, inscribed, "To dear father, from your affectionate son. May God be with you and return you safely to us." A pathetic discovery to make in that vast solitude!

Before the Armada

Farther on Peary found remains of the Polar expedition of 1870, in Thank God Harbour! There were memories of the great adventure of Sir George Nares, too, and Peary's men shot game for dinner with British cartridges left by Sir George Nares, 39 years before.

More striking still was the finding of things left by Sir Martin Frobisher. Frobisher left a stone-built fort, packed with provisions, intending to return. He did not return, but fought the Spanish Armada instead.

No one went back for 284 years, when Captain Hall, of the United States, appeared on the scene. The natives took him to Frobisher's fort. The food had been eaten, but there was the building, and a hundred relics of the old seaman who knew Drake and Raleigh and Elizabeth. E. A. B.

K OR C?

HOW DO YOU SAY
KINEMA?

Pictures to Look For

By Our Kinematograph Correspondent

Do you pronounce it Kinema or Cinema? The film trade has never been able to settle the point, and is still pretty evenly divided between rival spellings. We have no academy to decide these little matters for us as they have in France, and though the British Government favours C in the Cinematograph Act and other official references to moving pictures, that is not convincing, as the Government pays little attention to educational matters.

Those who spell it K point to the fact that kinetic is the pure Greek word for movement. In the "British Journal of Photography," however, Mr. A. Lockett declares that the K has been changed to C in 95 per cent. of the English words derived from Greek. France spells it universally C—as, in fact, do all the Latin countries. The Children's Newspaper likes the sharp, energetic sound of the K, and for us that settles it.

ST. PATRICK ON THE SCREEN

A film version of the Life of St. Patrick is now being produced on the traditional ground in Ireland.

FREE PICTURES

The Hungarian Revolutionary Government has decided that in future all kinemas are to be "free and perfectly accessible for the children."

PICTURES AT ZEEBRUGGE

The British soldiers and sailors at Zeebrugge have built themselves a kinema out of odd bits of material, including part of a German mine.

A FAMOUS LITTLE GIRL

Jane Lee, the well-known child film player, with her sister Katherine, earns a Cabinet Minister's salary. Jane is nine, and Katherine seven years old. Jane made her first appearance on the screen when she was seven months old. In a scene for a recent Fox film, little Jane had to pick up a mouse by its tail. Well, Jane duly picked up the mouse; but Mr. Mouse did not like such disrespectful handling, so he promptly turned round and bit her. Jane never flinched. She went straight on with her work, and only after the scene had been successfully recorded did she break down and weep a few childish tears while the blood was washed from her finger.

New Films Coming On

The Editor urges his readers not to patronise picture palaces where vulgar plays are exhibited

NEW FILM OF OLD ROME

Cardinal Wiseman's historical romance of the Christian martyrs, "Fabiola," which has been translated into ten languages, has now been rendered into the international tongue of the kinema. The brilliant screen-pictures give so vivid an idea of life in Rome at the opening of the fourth century that we almost seem to be walking in the city's streets. The martyrdoms of Saint Cecilia and Saint Sebastian and the cruel death in the Roman arena of the young Pancratius are among the incidents depicted in this inspiring film.

1500 PLAYERS IN A SEA FILM

Down into the dim green depths of the Sea Queen's home there sinks one day a Book of Charms in which Merilla reads that, if she can save four human lives, she will win a woman's body in place of her mermaid's fish-like tail. How Merilla fulfils this condition and gains human shape, despite the fury of the Wind-King Boreas and his daughters, the Sirens, is told in the elaborate fairy spectacle, "Queen of the Sea," a wonder-tale of sea magic, staged amid magnificent natural coast scenery. The film introduces no fewer than 1500 players, 200 of whom appear as mermaids. Incidentally, there are some remarkable glimpses of a school of seals. L. Y.

HYDROPHOBIA

Look After Your Dog Friend
WHY IT IS BEST TO MUZZLE HIM

By the Children's Doctor

The terrible disease of hydrophobia has appeared in England. It is caused by the bite of infected animals, chiefly by "mad dogs," and 700,000 dogs have been muzzled. It is sad to think that the dog, the friend of man, should be the chief agent of such a terrible death.

A dog which has contracted this disease becomes, in the first place, dejected and miserable. It wanders about restlessly, or hides in dark corners, and soon the characteristic symptoms of rabies, or dog madness, appear. Then the poor creature foams at the mouth, and if it tries to drink it has violent spasms of the throat. It howls weirdly, and rushes about snapping and biting.

A person bitten and infected usually shows symptoms about six weeks after the bite, but sometimes not for months. The first symptom is often a spasm when an effort is made to drink.

What Pasteur Did

Terrible as the disease is, it is not quite so bad as popular superstition has represented it. The victim does not acquire the character of a dog, and bark.

Up till the time of Pasteur, the disease was invariably fatal, and in some countries victims of hydrophobia were promptly suffocated. But in 1880 Pasteur began to study the disease, and in a few years he discovered that it could be cured by inoculation. He found out that the poison specially affected the mad dog's spinal marrow, and that if the spinal cord were hung up to dry the poison gradually grew weaker. Then he made preparations of ground-up spinal cord containing more or less potent poison, and proved by experiment that by giving inoculations of the weaker poisons first, then making them stronger, the body could be educated to defend itself even against the poison in a rabid animal's saliva.

Little Joseph Maister

After experimenting on animals he tried his cure on human beings. His first patient was a little Alsatian boy called Joseph Maister, badly bitten by a mad dog. It was a terrible responsibility to experiment on a child, and Pasteur's wife wrote to her children, saying, "Your father has had another bad night; he is dreading the last inoculation on the child." But little Joseph Maister had no fear; he merrily received the last inoculation, and after claiming a kiss from "dear Monsieur Pasteur," he went to bed and slept.

Not a wink did Pasteur sleep, yet he might have slept the sleep of the just, for Joseph did not die, and never showed any symptom of hydrophobia.

Pasteur's second case was a brave boy, Baptiste Jupille, who had protected his comrades against a mad dog. He had only a whip, and the dog flew at him, and tore his left hand; but after a tremendous struggle he overpowered the mad creature, bound its jaws with a whip, battered in its head with his wooden shoe, and drowned it.

Such a brave boy deserved to be saved, and Pasteur saved him. Today he is doorkeeper at the Pasteur institute, in Paris, and outside is the statue in which he is seen with a mad dog. Since then thousands of lives have been saved by the Pasteur treatment.

Boys and girls with pet dogs should watch the behaviour of their pets very closely, and if they happen to be bitten, should have the wounds cauterised at once.

R. C. M.

R.A.F. PICTURES

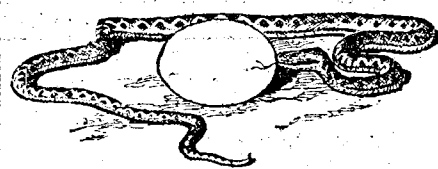
Everyone interested in photography should see the R.A.F. Exhibition of colour photographs at the Grafton Galleries, London. The photographs, many of which have been enlarged to a great size, are taken from all kinds of positions—from land, sea, and air, and make a unique record of daring warfare.

SNAKE AND THE EGG

Queer Story of the Zoo

HOW A REPTILE ENTERTAINED
OUR ARTIST

The snake's remarkable power of swallowing things that apparently are bigger than itself was described in a recent number of the Children's Newspaper; and now our artist, Mr. C. M. Sheldon, sends us some sketches he has



The Snake and the Egg it Swallowed

made in the Zoo, when he saw the seemingly impossible actually happen.

While sketching the old crocodile in the Reptile House his attention was called by the attendant to a "rough keeled" snake in a glass case. The snake, which was about 20 inches long, and the thickness of a lead pencil, was rubbing its nose over the smooth white surface of a large pigeon's egg, and apparently considering whether to try to make a meal of it.

Presently it arranged itself for the operation and opened its jaws wide on the narrow end of the egg. The onlookers could not but laugh at the absurdity of the egg being taken in; but even while they laughed the jaws seemed to have become dislocated, the cheeks gradually stretched, and by slow alternate advances of the upper and lower jaws the egg was gradually enveloped.

Our artist sketched the expressions and grimaces of the snake during half an hour, while the skin grew more and more elastic as the gape became wider, until the skull and backbone, though plainly visible, seemed only to make a slight ridge along the top of the disappearing egg.

When, with a growing air of satisfaction, the creature had engulfed the egg, the forked tongue was flickered at the onlookers in defiance, as if to say, "Yes, it is mine; interfere with it if you dare." Mr. Sheldon's pictures show us admirably both reptile form and what appears to be reptile sentiment.

WELL DONE, YORKSHIRE

We must all respect the inspector, but not all inspectors are as wise as the inspector of your school.

How an indignant Yorkshire school-boy retaliated on an unwise inspector has been told to the House of Commons by Sir C. Sykes.

The inspector asked the scholars of a class to name three figures. He was given 1, 2, 4, and he wrote on the blackboard 4, 2, 1. He called for another three, and the children answered 1, 5, 6. This he wrote on the board 6, 5, 1. Still following this profitless plan, which the children could neither understand nor criticise, he demanded yet another three figures, whereupon a sturdy little Yorkshireman answered, "3, 3, 3. Muck that about if you can!"

A BIRD GETS INTO
BAD HABITSStrange Conduct of a
ParrotTERRIBLE DESTRUCTION
ON SHEEP FARMS

For a long time naturalists and sheep-farmers have known of the New Zealand kea parrot, which has learned the bad habit of killing sheep. Its great increase in numbers has lately brought it into notoriety. See the picture on page 12.

It is a strong bird, smaller than a crow, with dark metallic plumage and red patches below the wings. There is great strength in its curved beak and tearing talons.

Now, this kea parrot, who should be a vegetarian, like other parrots, has acquired a liking for sheep's flesh. In zoological gardens it is often fed on raw mutton chops. Perhaps it began by tearing off pieces of fat from sheepskins nailed up to dry, but, however that may be, the habit caught on quickly; and where the sheep have spread in New Zealand the kea has followed.

The bird alights on the back of the sheep, tears off the wool, cuts through the skin, and gouges out the flesh. It is a horrible business, eating the sheep alive. Mr. Godfrey Turner, writing to the Times, says: "Where I was working at Christmas, 1917, it killed seven big Corriedale rams—the strongest sheep in the world—between dusk and dawn within 100 yards of the homestead windows."

In another place 70 sheep are said to have been killed in one night by a band of keas. Allowing for a little exaggeration, we cannot doubt the seriousness of the losses which this flesh-eating parrot is now inflicting on the sheep-farmer in New Zealand.

THE BURNING HILLS

For nearly a century the Ayrshire folk on the mainland opposite Ailsa Craig have possessed an extraordinary artificial volcano.

From the hills come jets of smoke and steam, and the explanation is that under the ground is a disused old mine, which caught alight 95 years ago. The coal has gone on smouldering ever since. Unfortunately the fumes from the burning workings have now penetrated a neighbouring coalpit. Two men who went down the new mine to start pumping were overcome by the gases of the hidden fire.

A STORY

The grown-up papers tell a story of a workman in Worcestershire who was motoring to his work when a bundle of £1 Treasury notes fell from his pocket and was blown away. A search was made, the story says, and the workman was able to find all but thirteen of the notes. How far is the millennium off, we wonder, when workmen motor to work with their pockets full of Treasury notes?

FLOATING FACTORIES

The Norwegians have started a new idea. They have formed a company to engage in deep sea fishing with a capital of £380,000, and are organising a fleet of small fishing vessels which will catch the fish and can them on board, in order to save factory expenses. Each vessel will be a floating factory.

A SUNDAY FAIRY

If you want a fairy you could not beat the Sunday Fairy. She is bright with every colour of the rainbow. She tells stories long and short. She has a little song and a little menagerie of animals; she is, in fact, laden with good things. She is really called the Sunday Fairy, and she calls at every bookstall every Thursday, when you can buy her for twopence. Ask for the Sunday Fairy.

POWER BURSTS OUT OF THE EARTH

Will-o'-the-Wisp Goes Bang A WORKMAN'S MYSTERIOUS FATE

Will-o'-the-wisp has led many a man to his doom, luring him on in the belief that its light was a lantern until he reached an engulfing bog.

Will-o'-the-wisp is a dancing, wavering, shifting, almost inexplicable flame, seen only at night—inexplicable because sometimes it will burn a piece of paper, sometimes it will not.

One probable form of this strange natural light has lately brought a man to his death in London. He and his mates were excavating for new dock extensions at Blackwall, when they detected a sudden uprush of gas. One of the men foolishly threw a piece of lighted waste into the hole, and there was an explosion, which injured a workman so badly that he died.

The explosion resulted from the ignition, in a confined space, of gas generated ages ago in a marsh formed by the Thames when it used to overflow the land on which these men were working. For thousands of years this gas, formed from rotting vegetation, has been imprisoned in the earth, and no one guessed that it was there till it came out and killed a man.

Mysterious Flame

Now, the lighting of marsh gas in other places may be one explanation of the elusive will-o'-the-wisp, but the question still remains: how does it become lighted? A pale flame appears close to the ground, sways, drifts, advances, recedes, dies out, and reappears with deep murmur of sound. How does it catch fire? From internal heat in the earth, it may be said; but there must be flame to light marsh gas. And if it be true flame, why does not will-o'-the-wisp always burn things?

Perhaps the explanation is threefold. Will-o'-the-wisp may originate in marsh gas ignited, as in this case. The heatless flame may be the product, not of fire, but of phosphorescence from decaying vegetable matter, and the true burning flame may be phosphoretted hydrogen, given off by decaying animal matter, and is spontaneously inflammable.

WILL INDIA SUPPLY THE WORLD WITH PAPER?

Newspapers from Bamboo

All the world is looking out for fresh sources of supply for the manufacture of paper, and successful experiments have been carried out in the use of bamboo.

In Burmah, Bengal, and South and West India there is enough bamboo to produce every year over fifteen million tons of cellulose for making paper, whereas the world's consumption of paper is only ten million tons.

The perfecting of the manufacture of paper from bamboo is of the utmost importance to the world at large, and solves the anxious problem as to future supplies. The spruce and fir trees take from 40 to 60 years to come to a size suitable for pulpwood, whereas the bamboo is large enough in one year.

The Indian Government is to put down a pulping plant for the conversion of bamboo into paper; and great things are expected.

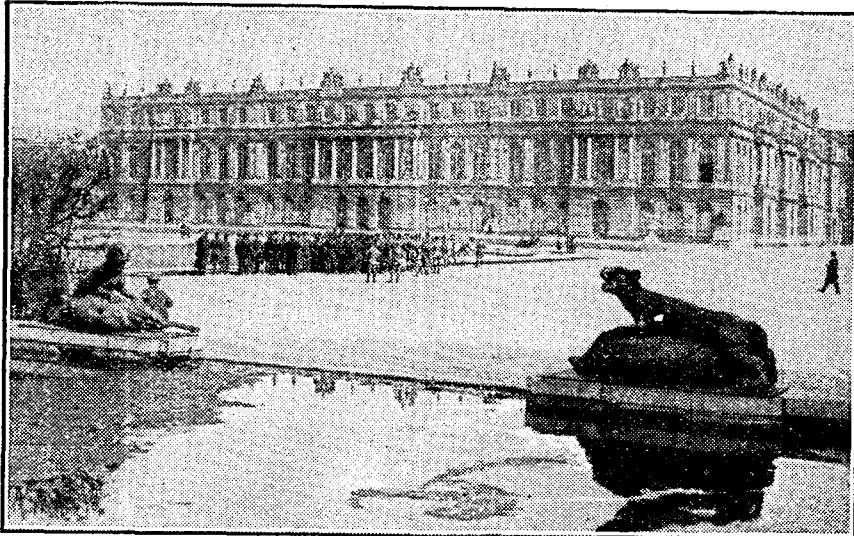
POOLING KNOWLEDGE

We are all getting wiser under the League of Nations. One of our British generals has just said in New York: "I do not think it matters whether the first machine to cross is American, British, French, or Italian. But I think we should all lay our cards on the table, and say to each other, 'What we have here is what we know. Let us get together and share the advantages of our knowledge.'"

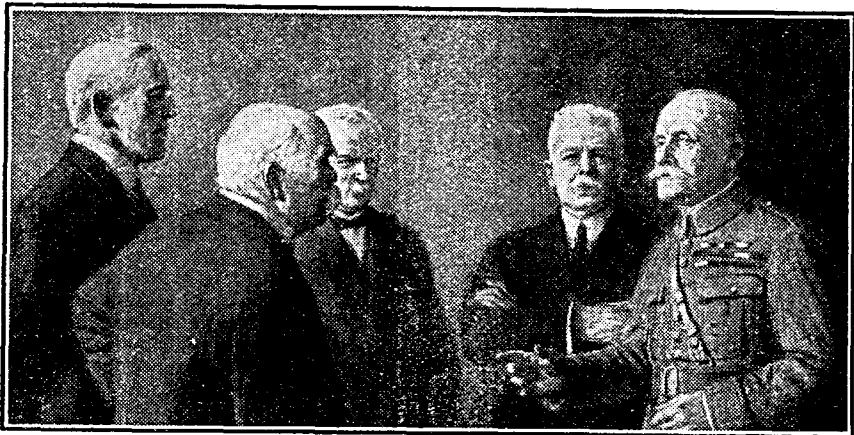
That is what we want—a general pool of knowledge for the good of all.

BIRTHPLACE OF THE GREAT PEACE

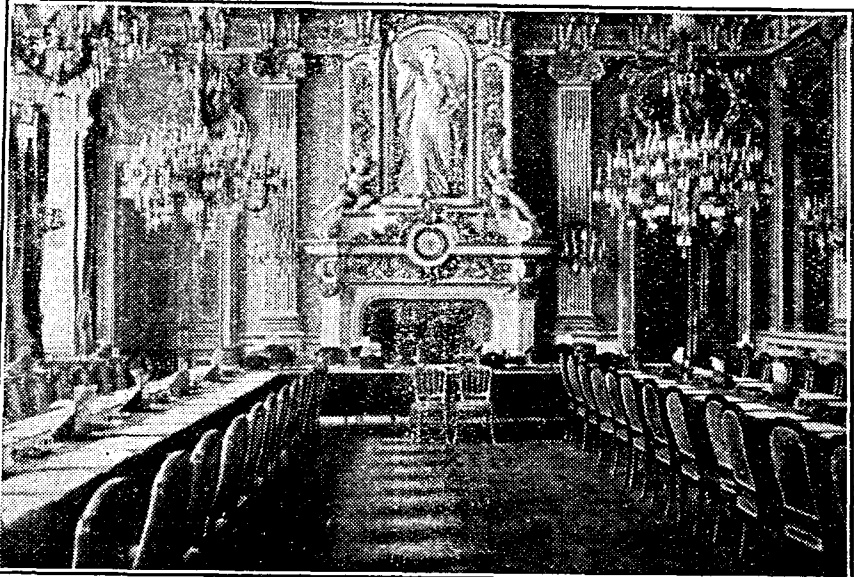
The Dramatic Transformation Scene in the Peace Palace at Versailles



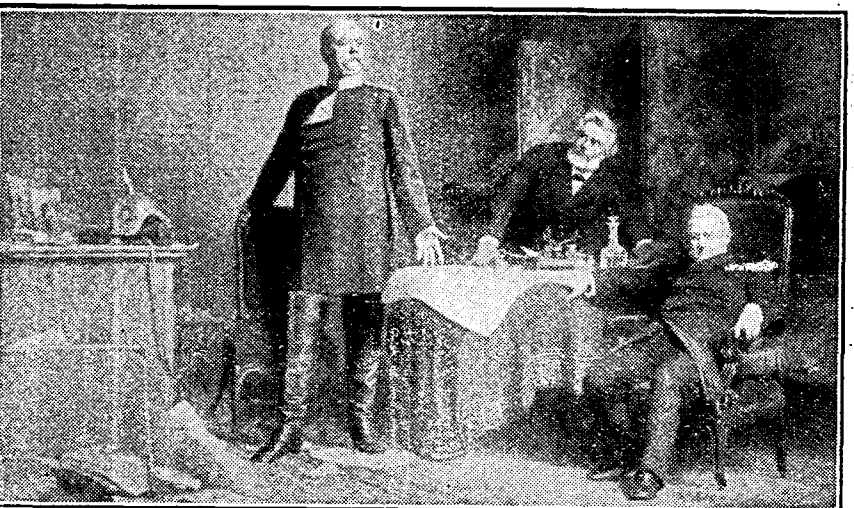
The impressive front of the great Palace of Versailles



The victorious soldier of the war, Marshal Foch, talking to the makers of the Peace—President Wilson, M. Clemenceau, Mr. Lloyd George, and Signor Orlando



The "Hall of the Clock," as arranged for the Final Peace



The last Peace settled at Versailles—Prince Bismarck of Prussia dictating to M. Thiers, Foreign Minister of France, the cruel peace at Versailles in 1871

It was in the Palace of Versailles that the Germans, with great pomp and pride, proclaimed the Empire which now lies shattered in the dust; and it is a dramatic turn of fate that brings the Germans here again

PLAYING CRICKET

BY C. B. FRY

How to Hit the Ball

This is not advice about conduct, and all that sort of thing; not about what we call playing cricket in life. It is about the game of cricket itself.

All successful batsmen think out their methods. They make their way of playing in their heads. You will be wiser to believe me when I tell you that cricket does not differ from other human pursuits in awarding its prizes to brains. Good players differ from bad players much more mentally than they do physically.

Therefore you should start with the firm decision that you will look at what you see in yourself and in others at cricket, will try to draw correct conclusions, and will act—do not forget to act—accordingly. In other words, you must study causes and effects and use your brains to incorporate in your play the causes of those effects at which you are aiming. Listen to advice, ask questions, read books; but prove everything yourself by practical experiment. Always try to test the *why* of everything.

First Point to Grasp

The first and fundamental point to grasp is that all strokes in cricket are in one main respect the same. They are all ways of hitting a small moving object with a thick stick. Now, many people omit to see this. They fancy that, because the stick is a bat and the object a ball, the main problem is to learn a peculiar sort of drill which is called "playing forward," "cutting," and so on.

There is this drill, and there are these formal ways of working your body and your bat. But consider: a ball is a small moving object when it is bowled, and a bat is a thick stick; and what is the one condition of making an accurate hit at a moving object?

Suppose it is a running rat? Suppose it is a flying butterfly? Suppose it is a swimming fish? The one thing you must do in order to hit the rat, catch the butterfly, spear the fish, is to keep your eyes on it—not chuck a glance at it and then take your eyes off it and let fly. No; you must watch the object, lynx-like, all the time, till you have hit it.

The Great Secret

Simple and obvious, but it is the difficulty in batting. The great secret of good batting is to watch the ball as nearly as possible right on to the face of your bat. Moreover, if you make this the sheet-anchor of your play, all other points will almost come of themselves—style, and all that; and unless you watch the ball, style is nothing.

It demands a persistent effort of will to watch a cricket-ball in this way. It requires persistent practice. But do it; and I promise you that you will improve your play past recognition, and will acquire skill rapidly.

The way to become a good batsman quickly is this. Make up your mind to treat batting as simply one way of hitting a round moving object with a stick.

Keep the Main Idea

Base all your particular methods on that general idea, and never let the main idea go; *be that idea yourself* when you are batting. Make up your mind that to hit the ball you must try to watch the ball each time, and all the time.

Correct ways of playing particular strokes are all subsidiary, subordinate, mere followers of those two principles. It is neglect of those two principles that causes boys to tie themselves into such ridiculous artificial knots when they begin to learn cricket; and many coaches assist them volubly into these rigid contortions. There are right ways and wrong ways of playing particular strokes, but if you bank on the main foundation all the rest will be added unto you.

Think over it.

C. B. F

RACE FOR AIR POWER

Aeroplanes for Fishermen

BOAT THAT FLIES UP FROM THE SEA

By Our Aerial Correspondent

Exciting as is the air race across the Atlantic, there is going on a more important struggle for mercantile supremacy in the skies.

Hundreds of British inventors are busy with designs for machines and engines of increasing power. For the present, at least, they seem completely to have beaten the Americans, and, unless the French, Italians, or Germans spring some great surprise on the rest of the world, Britain will be commercially as strong in the air as on the sea.

The North Sea Aerial Navigation Company awaits only government permission to open a flying service from Hull to Denmark, with branches to Holland, Norway, Sweden, Finland, and Russia. Flying boats, huge in size and weighing fifty tons, will probably be employed in the traffic across the North Sea, and are being built by the Blackburn Aeroplane Company, who already have on sale a little pleasure monoplane, strongly made, with a speed of 83 miles an hour, cheaper than many motor-cars.

It is a question whether it is better to begin the public service with large or small machines. The Controller of Civil Aviation, General Sykes, is in favour of a small machine like the baby Blackburn.

ADVERTISING IN AEROBUSES

It is an interesting sign of the times than an advertising agency has already approached manufacturers and merchants asking them to take advertising space inside the cars of commercial aeroplanes for the announcement of their commodities. The space is being rapidly booked up.

FLYING CLUBS

The building for the London Flying Club at Hendon is almost completed, and is being connected with the Sussex County Air Club at Shoreham.

Members will be able to hire machines, fly down to Shoreham, spend a day by the sea, lunch and dine at the Sussex Club, and fly back to town.

A flying club has also been started at Johannesburg.

BOAT THAT LEAPS OUT OF THE SEA

The Scottish inventor of the telephone, Dr. Graham Bell, has in his old age been stirred to new invention by the menace of the German submarine. He has made a boat like a mechanical flying fish, which travels quicker on the waves than any surface vessel, and rises like a bird in the air when the engines are working at full speed. The trial boat has been launched at Cape Breton. It has aeroplane engines and propellers, but the wings are small and remain submerged until the increased speed lifts the boat up. The wings then take the air, and "the fish becomes a bird."

FISHING FROM THE AIR

Fishing from the air promises to become an important business. During the latter part of the war, our battle-ships, battle-cruisers, and light cruisers were equipped with aeroplanes, carried on gun turrets or revolving platforms, and with towed kite balloons. The naval airman searched for mines, U-boats, and enemy surface and aircraft, and occasionally found some of them; but what they discovered mostly, especially in clear water, was fish. They could see shoals of fish that men on ships would have missed, and now it is proposed that fishing fleets should employ small observation aircraft.

ASTOUNDING SCENE

The amazing spectacle of an airman diving into Galway Bay from a falling aeroplane, and another officer scrambling from beneath the immersed machine, and both swimming to the shore, has been witnessed. E. W.

NEW IDEA IN PLAYS

World's Great Men on the Stage

London can now see Abraham Lincoln on the stage; Paris can see Pasteur, who is now the subject of a new kind of play at the Vaudeville Theatre, in Paris. It is a biography of the great French chemist, and shows his struggles and his final victory.

The play opens in 1870, with Pasteur entering his laboratory and questioning his pupils as to the rumours of war. It is evident from the remarks of the students that the war has actually begun, and then Pasteur starts his lesson on "our greatest enemies; the microbes."

Later on he is seen before the Academy of Medicine, facing hostile critics, and challenging them to disprove his assertions not by words, but by experiments. Then, in a later act, the well-known episode is shown of the boy who had been bitten by a mad dog, and was brought to Pasteur for treatment, as told on page 2. This is his first popular triumph.

Then we see him in his home continuing his researches, and finally the Master is shown at the Sorbonne, where delegates from all over the civilised world are present to pay him honour. The play closes with the President of France taking his arm and leading him through a door, as the stage curtain falls.

News From Everywhere

Gathered by



Sunday papers are to be stopped in Norway.

Fog will prevent a regular air-post service to Scotland.

Charles the First's statue in London is being repaired at a cost of £710.

The Bolsheviks have appointed a woman on their Naval General Staff.

Canada's wheatfields are bigger by four million acres this year than in 1917.

In a Croydon mission hall this true motto is displayed: "You cannot love God and be cruel to the cat."

England began the war with only 80,000 men in the fighting line; she finished it with 327,000 German prisoners.

"In reply to yours of June 6, 1914," a letter to New York from a German firm begins. Many things have happened since then.

About £2,000,000 is being spent in China on medical schools and missionary hospitals by the generosity of Mr. Rockefeller, the American millionaire.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer has received a letter from a woman who cannot get a house asking if she may go into the workhouse by paying a fee.

A signalman, who retired from the Great Western Railway service at the age of 69, at once joined the Army as a man of 50, and has now been demobilised at the age of 72.

In Australia peace will be commemorated by presenting 1,500,000 medals to the children of the Commonwealth, inscribed, "The Triumph of Liberty and Justice, Peace, 1919."

The mining of coal in Kent, so long a matter of doubt, has now reached the stage at which the Kent Miners' Association can ask for seats on the Herne Bay Urban District Council.

The first concrete railway wagon has just been delivered to the Illinois Central Railway for use in their coal service. The sides are an inch and a half thick, and the load carried 44 tons.

A NEW BRITISH FLAG

The Royal Air Force has been given its own flag. It is like the White Ensign of the Navy, except that a blue cross takes the place of the red St. George's cross, and in the centre of the flag is a golden crown and bird.

WAR'S GRIP ON EUROPE

HUGE AREAS OUTSIDE THE PEACE

Feeding the Starving Countries

100,000 TONS OF FOOD A WEEK

For five months the world has been trying to make peace after the principal armies have piled up their rifles, and yet nearly half of Europe, judged by the land areas, has been like a battlefield, with a large part of its peoples starving.

This starving is one of the effects that has always followed war in the past. War, pestilence, and famine are a trio that have kept close company ever since history began to be written.

Perhaps it was to be expected that scattered outbreaks of fighting would follow the call for peace. The area covered by the war was so great, the breaking-up of nations was so widespread, the changes in government were so many, that peace everywhere at once was almost impossible.

Pestilence and Famine

Pestilence has been busy in all parts of the world, as might be expected since all parts are now neighbours through the swiftness of travel. But pestilence, chiefly in the form of influenza, has not been nearly so deadly as in former times.

A shortage of food is bound to come when labour, which only produces just enough in ordinary times, is withdrawn from the land, and food is wasted in war. Famine, however, in its worst forms has been staved off to a large extent by the fact that the whole world has been able, through the swiftness of the steamship, to feed any part of it that is in great need.

What has been done in this way to relieve half-starving nations is now shown in a report by Mr. Hoover, the American Director of Relief. He tells what foods, and how much of them, have been carried from the United States, Great Britain, France and Italy, to 12 suffering countries. The money value of a month's supply of relief was £19,000,000, and the weight of food distributed in a month is about 400,000 tons. The countries relieved in March were Belgium, Poland, German-Austria, Serbia, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Finland, Northern France, Germany, Armenia, the Baltic States of Russia, and Turkey.

These Little Ones

For the month of April the largest amount of relief went to Germany itself. In March, special arrangements were made to feed the children of Finland, Poland, and Rumania, and these arrangements are now being extended to all the liberated countries in which hunger is seriously felt, for the children are the hope of the future, and they, at least, cannot be blamed for the sins of the past. When the arrangements are in full working order they will cover the direct care of between half a million and a million children. The difficulty in Rumania, especially, is that there are hardly any railway engines left in the country for the work of distribution.

MILLIONS OF BOOKS

And a Bit of Drake's Ship

The chief librarian of the great Oxford Library, the Bodleian, is retiring after 39 years' service.

He has written much about the library, which is the eighth largest in the world, and the second largest in Great Britain. It is the largest university library in the world, containing over 1,000,000 books on 20 miles of shelves, with 40,000 manuscripts and about 20,000 charters and rolls. To it are added about 20,000 volumes every year. It is named after Sir Thomas Bodley, who founded it in 1602.

One of its chief treasures is a chair made from a piece of the Golden Hind, the ship in which Sir Francis Drake sailed the world.

EXTRAORDINARY SIGHTS IN HUNGARY

A TOPSY-TURVY COUNTRY

Milliner as Judge and Prime Minister in Gaol

BOLSHEVISM AS IT IS

Under Bolshevik government Hungary has been changed into a land unlike anything ever imagined except in comic opera where everything is turned upside down for fun. The difference between mob rule in Hungary and Russia is that in Hungary life is not being wantonly destroyed, whereas in Russia the middle and upper classes have been killed by thousands.

The head of the mob-government is a man named Bela Kun, assisted by a band of hired men, to each of whom he pays four pounds a week, with food and a family allowance. No one can obtain a food ticket who does not sign obedience to this band of robbers.

Statesmen on the Prison Track

Meantime, in the prison of Buda-Pest, taking their exercise by walking round and round the prison yard, are the men who a few months ago were governing the country by the choice of its parliament. In that procession are statesmen and princes, bishops and generals—men whose names are known throughout the world. One of them, who died last month, had been Prime Minister three times.

Ladies are obliged to hand over their jewellery to a commission appointed to receive enforced gifts; the mansions of the rich have been ransacked of all their treasures; the goods in the shops have been seized to be sold at low prices to bargain-hunters; and the people are promised free cinema performances, free food, and free drink.

Judges Chosen by Chance

Count Apponyi, once one of Hungary's most honoured leaders and bearer of an ancient name, has been turned out of his looted mansion into the street with £3 ros. in his pocket as compensation to keep him from starvation; and ladies once the friends of kings are lodging in garrets and selling flowers in streets.

But the most topsy-turvy of all the doings of the Hungarian Bolsheviks is the dismissal of the country's judges and the appointment to the office of people without any experience of the law. In one court a young woman of 23, who before the revolution was a milliner, has been sitting as chief judge, with a tailor and a carpenter to complete the court; the young woman asks to be called "Comrade." Her first decision was to give five years' imprisonment to a servant girl for stealing two pairs of boots from her mistress. And this was done on behalf of a government that is living almost entirely by theft!

New Fetters for the Mind

The most extraordinary outrage on freedom by these mob rulers who pretend to be the champions of freedom is the appointment of a commission for the control of all kinds of knowledge. No book, scientific or literary, and no work of art of any kind, may be produced without the approval of this committee. John Milton made England ring, 275 years ago with his eloquent protests against fettering the human mind—the worst of all forms of tyranny, for it destroys the possibility of progress, and proves that the truth is feared instead of loved, and yet here, in the twentieth century, is a nation using so-called freedom to overthrow freedom of the mind.

The fickle-minded Hungarian people seem to be taking their loss of true liberty very easily, but the forbidding of the popular national sport of horse-racing is expected to rouse them to opposition when nothing else can.

At present their topsy-turvy State can only be likened to the play of a band of destructive children.

A row of 24 analog clocks, each showing a different hour of the day. The first clock shows 12:00, the second shows 1:00, and so on, up to the 24th clock which shows 11:00. Each clock has a circular face with numbers 1 through 12 and two hands: a shorter hour hand and a longer minute hand. The clocks are arranged in a single horizontal line.



...are Breaking
...is somewhat brighter. The Russian
...the East, but have over-run the South,
...the North. Hungary appears ready to
...pt an ordinary Republic.

...a
...the East of Russia, under pressure
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...Grand Duke Nicholas
See page seven

THE FACE OF EUROPE—SHOWING THE STORM-CENTRES OF THE WORLD IN THE CRISIS OF THE CONFERENCE OF PARIS

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MAY 10 1919

Blow, Thou Wind of God

We like the way in which President Wilson celebrated Shakespeare's day. All the world knows what happened. In the dark hours of the war, when your life and mine and the cause of human liberty were all in the balance, Britain and France gave away what was not theirs to give; they promised to Italy that if she would help to save the world she should have Dalmatia, with its 700,000 human lives.

But even with Italy the Allies could not save the world, and now America came in—America, who would have nothing to do with all the old wars of Europe and its kings, its secret bargainings, its everlasting plottings and alliances. America, too, had her price; she asked that the war should be fought for the right of the peoples to choose the form of government they liked best. On that eternal principle of human justice America gave up her long aloofness from Europe, and threw in her force with the Allies.

The Allies won the War and sat down to win the Peace, and at the Conference appeared the skeleton in the Allies' cupboard, the secret treaty of the Adriatic Coast. When it seemed as if this secret pact must stand in the way of Peace, President Wilson, in righteous anger that a secret bargain should imperil the League of Nations, published the story to the world.

His hope is in the League of Nations, and the League of Nations must live and move and have its being in the full light of day. Never again can governments bargain behind a door for the possession of countries and peoples. As far as it is safe and wise, all people that on earth do dwell must be masters of their fate; and the secret diplomacy of the past, nourishing the germs of hate and war within its bosom, must disappear. Let the light shine in the dark corners behind the thrones in Europe; let Truth blow freely on the winds of heaven.

Man has conquered many plagues. They lived on filth and disappeared when man obeyed the great law of the Bible—*Wash ye, be you clean*. The plague of war lives on hate, bred in ignorance and secrecy and darkness, and it will disappear when truth is blown about the world on the wind of God, as President Wilson sent it round the world on Shakespeare's day.

It is the only way for us and all mankind. It is the foundation of our British Faith; and we are glad that Mr. Wilson sent his message flying on Shakespeare's and St. George's day. A. M.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world

Roosevelt to the Boys

THEY are making Mr. Roosevelt's birthplace into a centre for teaching patriotism. We like his last message to the American boys in France. Here it is:

The teachings of the New Testament are foreshadowed in Micah's verse, "What more doth the Lord require of thee than to do justice, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Do justice—and therefore fight valiantly against those who stand for the reign of Moloch and Beelzebub on earth.

Love mercy—treat prisoners well; succour the wounded; treat every woman as if she were your sister; care for the little children; and be tender with the old and helpless.

Walk humbly—you will do so if you study the life and teaching of the Saviour.

May the God of justice and mercy have you in his keeping.

That was the last message of one of the greatest Americans to the first American army that has fought in Europe, and it has in it the spirit of victory and justice and humility.



The Long, Long Trail

There is the very joy of victory over death in this vision of Mr. Roosevelt setting out on his long trail into the universe. He was a great rider and loved horses; he was a great American and a great optimist, and one of his countrymen has here drawn him waving farewell to the world from which he passed the other week into the Great Beyond.

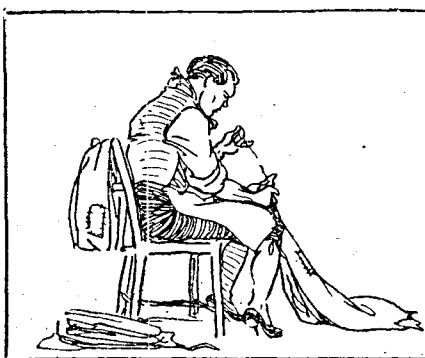
The Man Who Was There

WE are all talking of crossing the Atlantic, and many people have been talking of the steamship's first crossing long ago. There has been much controversy about two steamships that arrived in New York the same day in 1838, the little Sirius, which left Cork on April 4, and the big Great Western, which left Bristol five days later and arrived five hours later. But what interests us particularly is this. While people were discussing which ship got there first, a letter appeared in the Times from a quiet village in Dorset which put all doubts at rest, for it was from an Englishman who remembers being jerked out of his berth and rolled out of his cabin when the Sirius ran into Sandy Hook. What memories lie in our quiet hamlets! What talks by the fire in our old cottages! Our friend of the Sirius will soon be ninety, and he will read this paper. We hope he will live to be a hundred, and see the Millennium.

The River of Years

ONE of our great engineers has been telling a good story. It is about the transport of war material along rivers and canals. Our barges visited the home of the first great boat-builder, Noah; they took their lighters into the rivers of Pharaoh, and moored them by the city of Sinbad the Sailor. Everywhere things went well, but once the native boatmen on an African river refused to go quite fast enough. They were satisfied with the wind, and left their oars alone. "Allah has made this river to move two miles an hour," they said; "who are we that we should want to go faster?"

Proverb of the Day



To those impatient with the Peace delays:
Old Sacks Need Much Patching

An Idea for the Health Ministry

THE Ministry of Health is coming; not even our slow Government Departments can keep it back much longer. It will give new life to millions of children, and everybody wishes it well. One thing we hope it will do as soon as it has bought a table and a chair. All over the world new discoveries are being made, and new knowledge comes which can be used to save thousands of lives. But it seems to be nobody's business to collect all this knowledge, and to tell the people how it may be applied. We hope there will be a Bureau of Health Information; and we present this idea to Major Astor, M.P., who is going to be our Health Statesman.



The Race Across Europe

The loss of gold is much,
The loss of time is more;
The loss of honour such a loss
As no man can restore.

THE VOICE FROM THE SKIES

Remarkable Event at Washington

15,000 PEOPLE HEAR A FLYING MAN SPEAK

A voice spake out of the skies
To a just man and a wise,

wrote Tennyson in one of the last little poems of his fancy; but the fancy of the poet has become a fact of history.

A voice has spoken from the skies for a just man and a wise; in other words, a message has been delivered from President Wilson to a crowd of 15,000 people gathered in a square at Washington, and it was delivered by wireless telephone from an aeroplane half a mile high.

It is an achievement without a precedent, and it was accomplished with the aid of what is called a sound-amplifier, a sort of megaphone which picks up sound and magnifies it so that an ordinary voice becomes a shout.

In this case the thousands of people were assembled on the great steps of the Treasury building in Washington, and the aeroplane was 2600 feet high. The message was an encouragement to the people to invest in the Victory Loan.

TIP-CAT

So far Peace seems almost as exciting as war.

Bad news for schools: A steamer has discharged 7500 tons of dates at the London Docks.

An M.P. suggests that eggs should be taxed. He forgets how heavily we are burdened, or he would not wish to add anything to our yolk.

Everyone wants a bath in these days, says Lady Rhonda. It is the delay with Peace that is making us look so black.

They say the bakers mean to strike against night work, but we can't believe they will desert us in the hour of knead.

London University proposes to give a diploma in journalism. Let us hope this will silence those who complain that journalists are meddlesome enough.

Proper use for a ready reckoner: To support the counter.

"Foolish people," says Mr. Justice Darling, "always think they are wise." But they are otherwise.

Lord Cheylesmore thinks every lad should be taught to shoot. Then all the boys would have an aim in life.

For people with no appetite: The railway fare.

PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW
If the Peace Conference
will hold its peace soon?

There was a debate in the House of Lords recently on the manners of taxi-drivers. This will puzzle those who think taxi-drivers have none.

What we hope to enjoy at every Peace ball: A-bun-dance.

A Child's Prayer at Night

Defend the right, O Lord, with Thine eternal night.

Move the hearts of men that they may gather up their strength to do Thy will.

Through this dark night let Thy peace encompass us, and bring us in the morning to the everlasting Day.

May 10, 1919

The Children's Newspaper

7

END OF A KINGDOM

MONTENEGRO PASSES FROM THE MAP

Joined in Friendship With Its Brothers

BLACK MOUNTAIN OF GREATER SERBIA

Just when half a dozen or more new States are being put on the map of Europe, one kingdom, by its own free will, is blotted out. The brave little country of the Black Mountain, Montenegro, has extinguished itself as a separate state.

On Easter Sunday its parliament met at Podgoritz, confirmed the wish of the people to be joined with Serbia as one country, and then dissolved itself. One in race, one in language, one in religion, Montenegro and Serbia now become one in government, and so the kingdom of Montenegro ceases to be, except as a district of Greater Serbia.

Pride of History

Everyone who knows its life-story will feel a throe of sadness over its passing, though no doubt the extinction is wise, for the little kingdom was too small to take an independent part in a world that seems constantly to shrink as distance is conquered by aeroplane and wireless. Seeing that the old Turkish oppression of the mountain race is gone, and that the friendly Serbian cousins enclose the land, there is no reason why the Montenegrins should hold themselves aloof as a separate clan.

The history of the land will remain a cause of lasting pride. Montenegro will always live by a single fine trait of character. That trait was bravery. Proud, poor, hot-headed, turbulent, the mountaineers were redeemed, in the eyes of the world of which they knew so little, by unconquerable bravery.

Gladstone and Tennyson

Again and again the Turks tried to clear them from the bare, rocky fastnesses which they made their own, but time after time were defeated. Such bravery in defence of their country inspired our English orators and poets. Mr. Gladstone was moved by it to one of his finest flights of eloquence, and Lord Tennyson told their story in ringing tones in one of his finest sonnets.

They rose to where their sovran eagle sails,

They kept their faith, their freedom, on the height,

Chaste, frugal, savage, armed by day and night

Against the Turk; whose inroad nowhere scales

Their headlong passes, but his footstep fails,

And red with blood the Crescent reels from flight

Before their dauntless hundreds, in prone flight

By thousands down the crags and through the vales,

O smallest among peoples! rough rock-throne

Of Freedom! Warriors beating back the swarm

Of Turkish Islam for five hundred years,

Great Tsernagora! Never since thine own

Black ridges drew the cloud and brake the storm

Has breathed a race of mightier mountaineers.

Tsernagora is another name for Montenegro. The race lives to make history as part of heroic Serbia; but Montenegro, as a proud land defiant in the midst of foes, passes from the map.

THE QUESTION GERMANY MUST ANSWER

Before this issue of the Children's Newspaper can reach our readers the German Peace delegates will have assembled at Versailles, where nearly 50 years ago they proclaimed the German Empire on the ruin of France.

There they will have received the terms on which the Allies think a permanent Peace may be established, with justice to all the nations concerned, and a hope of growing concord as the years wear away the embitterment caused by the war.

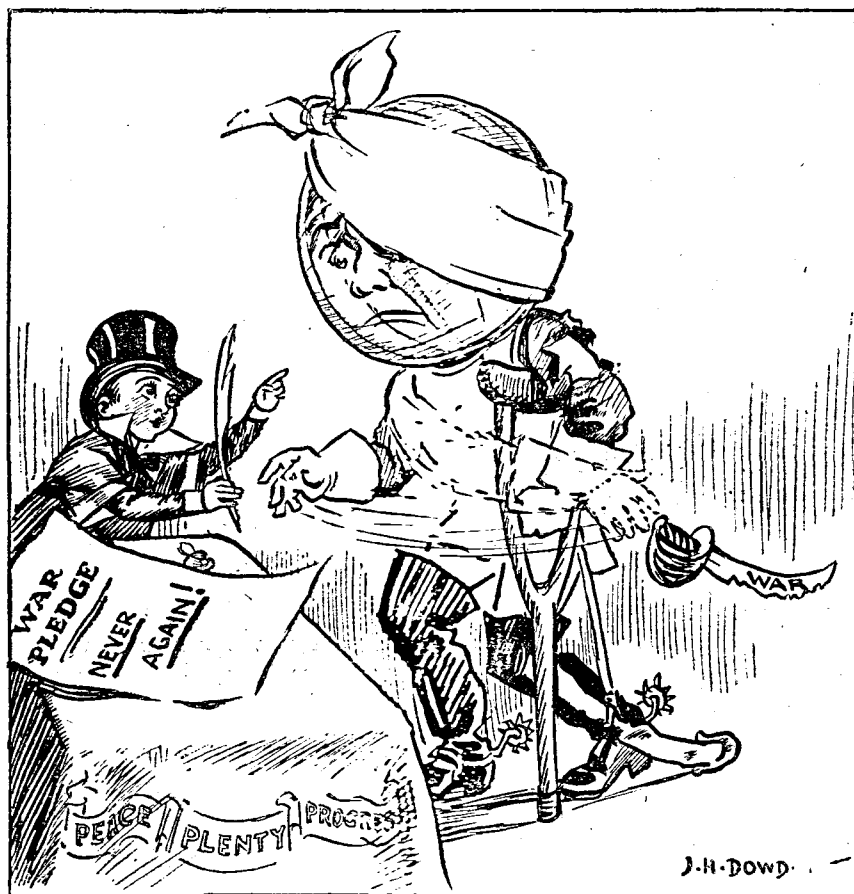
The great question to be answered is whether the Germans, who made the war and devastated the world in a spirit of savage masterdom, will see how wrong they were, both in aim and temper, and will acknowledge their

fault in the only sincere way—by willingly making just reparation for the wrongs they inflicted on mankind.

If they accept in penitence the penalty of their misdeeds, and show themselves willing to join in the hopeful attempt the other nations are making to live together in peace and amity, the outlook before the world becomes so much brighter, and men will feel that the millions who have died to save civilisation have not died in vain. Their reward will be the blessing of a grateful earth sanctifying their quiet graves.

The decision whether this shall be so rests, not with an ambitious ring of proud hereditary rulers, but with the mass of the German people. They it is who stand at the bar of History.

PETER PUCK REMINDS THE WORLD



Peter Puck, in the name of the world's children, reminds the war-broken world what is expected from it by those who are coming on

THE RUSSIAN MYSTERY

Grand Duke Nicholas Alive

Since the Russian revolution rumours have been frequently sent over the world of the murder by the Bolsheviks of nearly all the members of the Russian royal family. The Tsar's cousin, the Grand Duke Nicholas, was killed long ago, according to these reports.

We gave the other day the story of his walk to execution, taking with him a kitten, his one friend left. Now he has arrived at Genoa, with his wife and another duke, on a British warship which brought them from the Crimea. Apparently he has been living where the people remained sympathetic towards him, and he only left the country when the Bolsheviks were taking possession of the Crimea.

The Grand Dukes will live in Italy, both their wives being Montenegrin princesses, sisters of the Queen of Italy.

The late Tsar's mother, the Dowager-Empress Marie, who more than once was reported killed, has joined her sister, Queen Alexandra, in England. None of these royal fugitives can tell of the fate of the Tsar and his family, which is felt to be the more mysterious since the rest of the Romanoffs have escaped, and the idea of a planned extermination of the family was evidently an invention of wild rumour. Still, the likelihood of the Tsar being alive is very small indeed.

THE MAN WHO OUTSOARED THE EAGLE

Another of the pioneers of flying has gone to join Wilbur Wright in the highest height towards which both so often urged their machines.

Jules Védérines is dead, killed in an accident less hazardous than a thousand he had faced. His engine failing in mid-air, he planed down, intending to land, but one of the wings struck the pole of a vine in a French vineyard, and he and his machine were dashed to disaster. Only a few weeks before, to show his skill in landing, he had piloted a machine over Paris, and dropped safely on a roof scarcely larger than his plane.

When flight was in its infancy the editor of the Children's Newspaper pictured for one of his publications an aerial combat between an eagle and an aeronaut, and a drawing was made to illustrate his fancy. A year later Jules Védérines actually experienced such an adventure. As he was crossing the Sierra de Guadarrama, in the race from Paris to Madrid, an eagle attacked him in the air. Védérines made a swift descent, followed by a rapid rise, and outsoared the challenging king of the air. Védérines's part in the war was to carry spies into Germany by aeroplane and, returning, pick them up when they had gathered the information they sought.

FIUME

THE LAST PROBLEM OF PARIS

Back to the Bad Old Ways of Europe

ITALY AND THE SECRET TREATY

By Our Political Correspondent

On the very eve of peace, when it seemed as if mankind had found a better way of living together than for each nation to grasp for itself anything it could take from others, the whole friendly arrangement was suddenly endangered; and endangered by the nation which, above all others, was receiving benefit from the war.

It was Italy, a land born to a new life by its love of liberty and by the world's sympathy, that seemed suddenly to revive the spirit of greed fostered so long by the blind diplomacy of Europe. To her friends it seems unlike the liberty by which she lives, and it struck a dangerous blow at the new hopes of suffering mankind.

The war had been brought about by the ambition and greed of nations, working underground through secret diplomacy, backed by military pride. Of these evils Italy had been, and still was, a suffering victim. Parts of the true Italy remained held down under the heel of Austria, which was why she could not enter the war as Austria's ally, and why she at last joined in with the Allies. But, in accordance with the bad system that still prevailed in Europe, she made a bargain, in a secret treaty, before she took up arms. France and Great Britain must guarantee to her the possession of the Italian lands which Austria unjustly retained.

Secret Diplomacy

The object aimed at was altogether good. The method of securing it was the usual old bad method which had led to the war.

Later, America came into the war with no selfish aims, and with the hope of clearing away the discredited system of secret diplomacy, and magnificently, she seemed to have succeeded. She had no share in secret arrangements, and her plans for the future were made to prevent secrecy, and to give openly, for the sake of justice, freedom to all who were suffering under a foreign yoke, as Italy had suffered.

When America found out the secret treaty between Great Britain, France, and Italy, she had no great objection to the effects of it, because it did not take from Austria anything Austria should have, and the treaty did not give to Italy the seaport of Fiume, which was the natural outlet to the sea for large tracts of inland country inhabited by Croats and Slovaks and Slovenians, who were forming a new State under the League of Nations. This gateway for the new State was not included in the secret agreement.

Spirit of the Oppressor

But during the discussion of this, Italy, contrary to the sense of justice of America and the Allies, suddenly put forward greater claims, including the port of Fiume itself, which would shut off from the sea the whole of South Slavia, now friendly to the Allies.

So Italy placed herself before the whole world in the pitiable position of trying to seize all she could for herself, without looking at the just needs of her smaller neighbour. She discarded the new system of impartial international justice on which the League of Nations is being founded, and reverted, for her own ends, to the spirit of blindly taking whatever can be grasped—the spirit that had made Austria her own oppressor in the past.

For Italy, as for all, the question is whether we are lovers of freedom for others as well as for ourselves.

ISLANDS OF SILENCE

Listening in England to
a Noise in France

CURIOSITIES OF SOUND WAVES

We shall listen in vain this year, happily, for the thud of guns which made themselves heard in Kent and Essex, and as far north as Cambridgeshire.

A record has been made of the sound of gunfire from France heard at Chignal St. James, near Chelmsford, during the war, and the results have been presented to the Royal Meteorological Society.

It was noticeable that in 1918, as in previous years, the sounds were generally heard at this distance only in the summer months. Altogether there was a period of 15 weeks and five days in which gunfire was heard in 1918. Sounds were less loud and distinct in 1918 than in any other year, and in that year there were none of the very loud sounds heard before. That would be surprising if the loudness of the guns were the only thing to be considered, for the volume of fire was larger in 1918 than in any other year on the Western front. It is not possible to explain the transmission of the sounds by wind, or by supposing that still days rendered the sounds more audible. On some bright, still days sound seems to be transmitted for shorter distances than on windy days.

Weather and Sound

One of the peculiarities in the transmission of great volumes of sound, such as are produced by gunfire or by volcanic explosions accompanying earthquakes, is that there are zones, or islands, of silence encircling the region where the sound is produced.

Thus the sound may be heard up to 40 or 50 miles away, but not at places 60 or 70 miles away, while it may nevertheless be heard in places still farther away, say 100 miles off. The explanation sometimes offered is that, the atmosphere being of varying density, especially on bright sunny days, sound waves are deflected upwards, as a wave of light is deflected in passing through a glass lens, so that they miss some places altogether; but the same waves, after reaching a certain height, may again be bent down by passing through another layer of air, and so become audible at more distant places.

Sound waves are heard farthest on dull, cloudy nights in summer, when there is little or no surface wind. E. S. G.

QUEER FISH

Strangers or Old Friends?

News comes from Australia that Government trawlers are returning to Sydney harbour with great masses of unknown fish.

One is described as being like a blend of boarfish and silver batfish, another as resembling an English haddock. We must not, however, take it for granted that these fishes are new to science, though they may be new to the men who caught them. They may be rare fish, or simply old friends in new situations.

The great tendency of us all, when we find an animal or a plant for the first time, is to imagine that we have had the fortune to light on an unknown species, and the natural history museums of the world have been the cemetery of many such hopes on the part of explorers, who have sent in birds, animals, and fishes believing them to be unknown, only to find them variants of species already in the text-books and in the museum's cases.

SHOULD GIRLS BE VARNISHED?

In some of the chemical factories of the Ministry of Munitions there was considerable danger from the fumes. Many brave girls, making coal-tar high explosives, had their skin dyed yellow.

Now one of the leading doctors states that most of the dangers could be avoided by varnishing the girls as they enter the factory, and cleaning the varnish off as they leave.

WHO WAS EUGENE FIELD?

Sweet Singer of the
World's Children

He was only an American journalist, born in the Middle-West in 1850, and working on newspapers farther West,



Eugene Field

at Kansas City, and still farther West at Denver, when the West was very wild, and then, called back to toil in the rushing city of Chicago, where anything but busy-ness was disgraceful, he died before he had reached middle age.

But the world will never forget him. It will love him, and wish it knew more of him, because, more perhaps than any other poet who has lived, he knew the minds of children, and could put their fancies into lovely verse that makes us change from laughter to tears as we read, and clear our throats and laugh again.

His mind was brimming over with the dreams and fancies that play through the brain of childhood, and his heart was full of tenderness. It was as though he walked with the children hand in hand through their wonderland, saw with their eyes, and talked their language. When they rambled through the garden among the flowers, or listened wonderingly to the peaceful creaking of the old mill, or knelt down to say their prayers, or put their playthings away till to-morrow, he was their playmate and could tell them what they were feeling and thinking in a way they loved to hear, and that they would grow up to admire more and more. Here are some of his verses.

Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep

THE fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere;
And, like winged spirits, here and there
The firelight shadows fluttering go.
And as the shadows round me creep,
A childish treble breaks the gloom,
And softly from the farther room
Comes: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

AND, somehow, with that little prayer
And that sweet treble in my ears,
My thoughts go back to distant years,
And linger with a dear one there.
And as I hear my child's Amen,
My mother's faith comes back to me:
Crouched at her side I seem to be,
And mother holds my hands again.



Now I lay me down to sleep

Oh, for an hour in that dear place!
Oh, for the peace of that dear time!
Oh, for that childish trust sublime!
Oh, for a glimpse of mother's face!
Yet as the shadows round me creep
I do not seem to be alone:
Sweet magic of that treble tone
And "Now I lay me down to sleep."

WHAT THE RAINBOW REALLY IS

Secret of the Atom

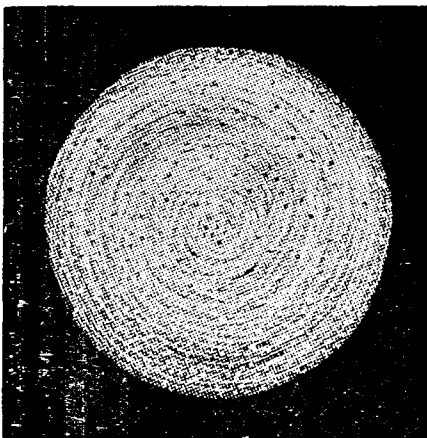
HOW DOES IT KEEP UP ITS MOVEMENT?

By our Royal Institution Correspondent

Sir J. J. Thomson has been lecturing on the atom, of which he knows more—though nobody knows much!—than any other man alive.

Atoms are so small that no microscope will probably ever be able to reveal them to the eye; yet the spectroscope tells us a good deal about them.

We know that burning sodium atoms give certain coloured lines through the spectroscope, that burning iodine atoms give other lines, that every atom has its own characteristic lines, and that the colours of the rainbow are actually the spectroscopic lines of atoms burning in the sun. We know, too, that the colours are due to vibrations of the atoms, which take place at certain definite rates, and cause waves in the ether which roll in upon the eye; and this question of vibrations was one of the questions the professor discussed.



An artist's attempt to show the tremendous vibrations of matter always going on in an atom

He pointed out that it makes no difference whether the atoms are vibrating weakly or strongly; each kind of atom always vibrates at its own special rate. It does not matter whether sodium is burning fiercely or feebly; the spectroscope tells us that its atoms always vibrate at the same rate.

In this respect the vibrations are like the vibrations of a pendulum. Whatever force you put into a pendulum, it will always swing at the same rate.

System in an Atom

But the atoms do not swing like pendulums; they consist of little particles called electrons, spinning round in orbits, as the earth moves round the sun; and vibrations caused by circular movements of this kind do actually become slower as the energy of the swing dies away. How, then, does it happen that the vibrations of atoms remain at a constant rate, and do not become slower as they become weaker?

Professor Thomson explained that the constancy of the vibrations of the atoms is due to the fact that each is really an electro-magnetic system, and the electrons revolve in what is called a magnetic field. A body swinging round in such a field behaves like a pendulum and retains its rate of vibration in spite of loss of energy.

It is very surprising to find that a thing so microscopic as an atom can have such a complicated structure, but the more learned men investigate things the more wonderful they appear.

PEACE GAINS BY WAR

It is an ill war that does not bring peace any good. Somebody has pointed out that, thanks to our war work, the British magneto and sparking plug for motor engines are now the best in the world. In 1914 we made 1140 British magnetos; last year we made over 128,000. In 1914 we made 5000 sparking plugs; last year we made over 182,000,000.

STAR-LIGHT'S LONG JOURNEY

Arrives on Earth After
58 Years

BRIGHT SCENE IN THE SKY

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The two famous stars of Gemini, the twins we met a few weeks ago, can be seen any fine evening, high up in the sky to the west. About the end of next week will be best, when the Moon is out of the way. Jupiter is ten degrees to south-west of them.

These two stars, Castor and Pollux, are about five degrees apart—that is, half the distance that separates them from Jupiter; and though both are of almost the same degree of brightness, there is a distinct difference in colour, Castor, nearest to overhead, being very white, while Pollux is yellowish.

The Star that Paul Knew

They have been together as far back as the memory of mankind goes, and very wonderful is their story. The Romans believed that Jupiter was the father of the twin gods Castor and Pollux, whom they worshipped as the patron gods of navigation.

Sailors would take little images of Castor and Pollux to sea in the belief that they would act like charms to protect them, and it is recorded that Paul, after being shipwrecked among barbarians on the island of Melita—now Malta—set sail for Italy in a vessel named Castor and Pollux, and the voyage proved a prosperous one, so that Paul must have known these stars as we know them. These stars, therefore, link us to the New Testament story of nearly 2000 years ago. Just now, by a happy coincidence, we can see not only the stars of these deified children of Jupiter, but the planet Jupiter as well, leading them down to the west until, by midsummer, all three will be lost in the rays of the setting sun.

Like Sixty Suns

Pollux, the most southerly of the twins, is the farther off. It is nearly twice as far as Aldebaran, its light taking no less than 58 years to reach us. It is, therefore, nearly four million times farther off than the sun, from whom light travels in eight minutes.

Pollux is also a giant among suns, judging from his brightness and enormous distance. He is a great furnace half as large again as Aldebaran, and over 60 times the size of our sun. He is flying through space at 2000 miles a minute in a direction away from our sun, and every second they are over two miles farther apart.

When astronomers study Castor a wonderful state of things is revealed, for a peep through the telescope shows Castor to be not one but two stars, of almost equal brightness; they are actually two suns that revolve once in every 347 years around a point somewhere between them. But the wonder does not cease even here, for each of these two suns has a close companion, and these, too, revolve around a point between them, in one case in three days, and the other in about nine days. So that we have here a set of four suns, composing the beautiful Castor.

The Far-away Twins

This wonderful Castor is much nearer to us than either Pollux or Aldebaran, its light taking about 16 years to reach us, so that it is a little over a million times farther off than the sun, and is approaching us at a thousand miles a minute. Incredible as it seems to look at him, Castor is actually very much nearer to us than he is to Pollux, whom we, from our tiny standpoint in space, have always associated him. Close enough to be called twins, they are farther from each other than from the Earth itself. G. F. M.

BIRDS AT HOME

Filling Up the Nests

INSECTS ON THE WING

By Our Country Correspondent

The little long-tailed tit has brought off her brood successfully, and if you were wise enough to put up a nesting-box in your garden you will now have the joy of being able to watch the tiny, fluffy creatures in their home, with their mother looking after them. A number of other birds are laying their eggs, or will soon be doing so.

Among these is the reed bunting, sometimes called the black-headed bunting, whose nest, made of dry grass and moss, lined with horsehair, is always near the water. The four or five eggs are a purplish grey, blotched and scribbled with brown. Another bird whose eggs you should find now is the nightingale. Look for her nest well hidden at the base of some small, thick bush, and you will see in it four to six olive-brown eggs.

Nests Everywhere

Then there is the willow warbler's cave-shaped nest, with from five to eight white eggs, speckled with reddish brown; you must look for it near the ground in a bush or hedge. The meadow pipit, or titlark, has built her nest in some well-concealed cavity on the ground, and has laid from four to six greyish-white eggs with olive-brown markings. The nest of the yellow-hammer, or yellow bunting, is made of straw, stalks, and roots, and will be found on the ground under some bush or bramble, with four or five lavender-coloured eggs, streaked with red; while the lesser whitethroat's nest in hedge or bush has four or five cream-coloured eggs, spotted with grey and brown.

The swift should be with us now, and we shall soon hear its harsh sweet cry. It is never seen perching or walking, but always seems to be flying in a great hurry as it chases insects.

Daddy-Long-Legs is Here

It must, indeed, be a matter of satisfaction to the birds that the insects are getting more plentiful. The daddy-long-legs is now seen, not the spider which is no insect, but the crane-fly, with its slender body, long legs, and frail wings.

The scorpion-fly is another interesting creature which we may see now. Probably if we beat a hedge, one or two will fly out. It gets its name from the alarming way in which, when it is caught, it nips the skin of the hand with the forceps at the end of the body. It is quite harmless, and the whole business is just an elaborate piece of camouflage.

And the Butterflies

We may now welcome the orange-tip, one of the prettiest of our smaller butterflies. The male cannot be mistaken, for its name exactly describes it; but the female is without these orange-coloured tips, and can easily be mistaken for a small cabbage white.

Another butterfly to look out for is the wall-brown, which gets its name from its prevailing colour and its habit of settling on sunny walls; and we may also see the dingy skipper, a small and very dark brown butterfly which is often seen resting on the ground and sometimes on flowers.

A good place to look for it is a chalky hillside or a limestone railway embankment. The dot moth is worth watching for, with its deep violet-brown fore wings, each with a white spot, and its smoky-brown hind wings.

Several trees will probably come into blossom this week—the laburnum, with its golden chains, the oak, aspen, walnut, and holly; while half the kingdom of wild flowers seems to be coming into bloom.

C. R.

THE ARAB BOYS AND THE AEROPLANE

An officer of the Army Air Service who was on duty in Mesopotamia has given an interesting account of the power of the desert Arabs to pick up knowledge. Usually the people of lonely regions are described as fleeing in terror when they see an aeroplane curving round over their heads, but the Mesopotamian Arabs, after a short acquaintance with the new wonder, quickly became serviceable assistants.

With a fortnight's training they could be trusted to haul down a captive balloon without any help from white men, and in another week they were knotting and splicing and could be employed as riggers. They were most

intelligent between the ages of 12 and 16. All were delighted with their uniforms—grey Army shirts with the sleeves turned up and shorts—but were only really comfortable when they were allowed to take their boots off.

The officer found them perfectly obedient and strictly honest. Though their tents were within a hundred yards of his stores, worth thousands of pounds, not an article was missed. When their service was over many of them were full of grief at parting from their British comrades. This picture of Arab life, as seen by an intelligent observer, shows us a race capable of great usefulness under training, and possessing fine qualities of character.

EYES OF VICTORY AND THE MEN WHO SAVED THEM

In 1915 the British Army was menaced with a perilous blindness, and the British Navy was suffering from bad sight. Germany had a practical monopoly in the fine glass required for military and scientific purposes, and, as she would no longer sell this glass, British gunners, observers, and flying men could not see so far as their opponents. Even so late as the battle of Jutland German gunnery was at first better than British gunnery, simply because of the superior quality of the German glass, and the abundance with which it was used.

Three men saved the situation. Sir Herbert Jackson directed the research work for making optical glass as fine as the German glass, and Mr. A. S. Esslemont undertook to train thousands of

girls and men in grinding, polishing, and edging glass into the most precise of delicate shapes. But this did not solve the difficulty. Potash was required to make the best kind of glass, and the only potash mines known were held by the Germans.

Then Mr. Kenneth Chance appeared upon the scene and devised a method of getting 30,000 tons of potash a year out of our own blast furnaces. He put common salt into the blast charge, and part of the salt combined with the potash in iron ore, and came out in a kind of dust, which was collected and refined. By the end of 1918 we were producing immense numbers of lenses, and all manner of medical and scientific glass, equal in quality to the famous glass made at Jena, in Germany.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF THESE THINGS HAPPENED?

Suppose it were possible for the earth to burst like a bubble and disappear, without hurting the people on it, what would happen to us all? Should we fly out into space or drop into the sun?

We should neither fly away from the sun nor fall into it; we should simply go on revolving round it in much the same orbit as the earth. That would be a mighty merry-go-round.

And what would happen to men if they could live without air, and if the air were suddenly taken away?

Well, of course, the world would become utterly soundless, and men would feel as if they had suddenly become dumb; but they would also suddenly find that they all had dislocation of their hips; for it is mainly suction and air-pressure that keeps the rounded head of the thigh-bone in its socket, and as soon as the air pressure was removed, out the head would slip.

So we should have a silent world with a lot of men and women waddling along on crutches.

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

Thin out carrots and parsnips as soon as the strongest plants can be distinguished; the carrots six inches apart to allow for every alternate one to be drawn for use in a young state. Leave the rest to mature for winter.

Parsnips should be thinned to eight or twelve inches apart. Asparagus shoots should be cut as they become fit. Care must be taken not to injure the crown of the plants with the knife. Hoe between the rows of potatoes, and earth up those above the ground.

Keep the flower borders and beds neat, and regularly mow the lawns.

NATURAL FACTS OF THE DAY



The universe moves to order like a clock. Sunrise and sunset, moonrise and moonset, high tide at London Bridge, ever they come and ever they go, while nations rise and fall.

Here is next week's time-table of sun, moon, and sea, given for London, from Sunday, May 11.

Time-table of Sun, Moon, and Sea

	SUNDAY	TUESDAY	FRIDAY
Sunrise	5.18 a.m.	5.15 a.m.	5.10 a.m.
Sunset	8.35 p.m.	8.38 p.m.	8.43 p.m.
Moonrise	5.17 p.m.	7.27 p.m.	10.24 p.m.
Moonset	3.50 a.m.	4.39 a.m.	6.36 a.m.
High Tide	12.46 p.m.	2.12 p.m.	3.50 p.m.

Moonset: Black figures indicate next morning.

Other Worlds. Early in the evening Venus is in the West, higher up; Jupiter is to the South West, but getting more to the West. These planets are now approaching one another.

ICI ON PARLE FRANÇAIS



Le crayon Le soldat L'oiseau



Le feu Le renard La pendule

Avez-vous vu mon crayon neuf?
Le soldat est de retour chez lui.
L'oiseau fait un nid.
Le feu s'est éteint.
Les chiens courent après le renard.
La bonne remonte la pendule.

LA RÉPRIMANDE

Un jour que William Penn avait obtenu une audience du roi Charles II. il n'ôta pas son chapeau, et le garda tranquillement sur sa tête, comme c'est l'habitude chez les Quakers.

Le roi, voulant lui donner une leçon, ôta son propre chapeau en disant: "Ici il est d'usage qu'un seul homme reste couvert."

Toujours inconscient de son offense, William Penn répondit: "Ami Charles, je t'en prie garde ton chapeau."

Use not today what tomorrow you may want; neither leave that to hazard which foresight may provide for or can prevent.

Song With Music Next Week

AIR MECHANIC

AGES OLD

The Wasp That Knows All About It

HOW IT RESISTS THE AIR CURRENTS

The newest phase of aerial flight, the great journeys contemplated for airships and aeroplanes, depends for its success not only on the structure of the craft employed, but on increased knowledge of the conditions of the air; its currents, their direction and speed from hour to hour, and so on. That information we shall derive by wireless from stationary airships in the skies. But problems like these were settled by insects millions of years ago.

A spider bridges a chasm or a river by spinning a stream of silk into the air when a favourable wind is blowing to carry the tiny hawser across the span.

First Student of Bridge Building

The silk touches something on the opposite side, sticks, and becomes a bridge, across which the spider walks to continue her structure. That, probably, was the first example in nature of bridge-building.

But the wasp, the common wasp of the garden, makes us marvel still more when we see it anticipating the work of men who transport aircraft. A loathsome bluebottle is flying in a room. In booms a wasp. There is a brief pursuit, a death-grapple in mid-air, then a descent; the wasp drops lightly to the ground with a slain blowfly between its formidable jaws. The insect has power enough to carry an object at least forty times as heavy as a bluebottle, but it saves thirty-nine fortieths of its strength to combat air resistance.

Wasp Thinks It Out

Aeroplane men, when they pack up their machines for transport, take off the wings, or fold them back so that they lie flush with the body. The wasp knows all about it by unfathomable instinct. It could not easily fly to its home with a bluebottle whose immense wings and legs sprawl out and act as refractory sails to be driven against the air. So, quick as thought, the wasp turns the bluebottle on its back and nips off both the wings and all the legs; then, seizing the compact body anew, away it goes, as if its burden were but a piece of down. There, on the floor, lie the wings and legs, often neatly arranged, with a big gap in the centre showing where the body lay.

The thing is unbelievable until it is seen. This baleful wasp, with its sting poisoned and sharpened against all the world, is an air mechanic of the highest order, and in its plan to avoid atmospheric resistance it anticipated scientific man by ages.

WHO WILL BUY A TOWN?

A Hilltop and 2000 People

Nearly the whole of one of our most delightful little towns is to be sold.

If anyone who loves rural England wants to buy a town, the chance will come when Shaftesbury, in Dorsetshire, is "knocked down" by the auctioneer's hammer to the highest bidder. It is one of the towns that resemble the little old towns of the Continent, often perched on a hill for protection, from violence, or for dryness in the time when floods were one of man's worst enemies.

Quiet Shaftesbury looks forth from the top of its hill over one of the fairest scenes in England. There it has been at least since the days of King Alfred, always quietly supporting the dignity that is at the heart of English country life; it is owned to a large extent by one landlord, and now its two thousand people are wondering who will come next into possession. Strange that an English town can belong to one man in this twentieth century of ours!



MARTIN CRUSOE

A BOY'S ADVENTURE ON WIZARD ISLAND

Told by T. C. Bridges, the popular story-writer

What Has Happened Before

Martin Vaile, flying to an island in the Sargasso Sea, in response to a mysterious wireless call, finds there Professor Distin and his negro servant, Scipio Mack, living alone. Martin is welcomed by the old and clever Professor, whose submarine has disappeared, and whose peace is disturbed by attacks from Lemuria, the next island. The Lemurians land and capture Martin, but he escapes, and on returning finds that one of two captured Lemurians is missing.

Martin eventually discovers the escaped Lemurian, who is being attacked by a large bird. Martin flies close in an endeavour to frighten the bird away, but it turns in fury upon his aeroplane, and a chase ensues, in which the eagle's mate joins.

Martin is compelled to descend on the lake, and eventually shoots one of the eagles. The remaining bird is engaged in combat with a strange monster which rises from the depths of the lake. The monster is eventually shot by Scipio, who, with the Professor, had come to the rescue.

A little later Martin and Scipio come face to face with the Lemurian.

CHAPTER 20

Bread and Salt

Martin paid no attention to Scipio. He stood as still as the great Lemurian himself, gazing fixedly up at him.

Then as he stared he noticed that the Lemurian's blue eyes were glazed, and realised that the man was sorely hurt, and that it was only by sheer will-power that he kept his feet at all. Suddenly he felt desperately sorry for his splendid opponent.

"You poor chap!" he said pitifully; and stepped quietly forward.

The Lemurian, of course, could not understand the words that Martin said, but quite clearly he did understand the tone in which they were spoken. He made no effort to raise his sword, but stood quite still. Then just as Martin reached him, his giant strength went out of him, he slipped down quietly, and collapsed in a heap on the rock.

Martin dropped on his knee beside him, and lifted his head.

Scipio came up slowly.

"Yo' be careful, Marse Martin. For all yo' know, dat fellow is playing possum."

"Nonsense! He's half dead. Look at the way he's been mauled. Why, he's lost a quart of blood."

With Scipio's help he managed to drag him out of the fierce sun-blaze to the shadow of a deep rock shelf, and set about bandaging the wounds.

There were two ugly gashes in the left arm and shoulder, and another in the man's side. Their depth showed the knife-like power of the great cliff-eagle's beak. In themselves, however, the wounds were not dangerous—the real danger lay in the loss of blood.

Martin finished his bandaging.

"How in the world shall we ever get him down the mountain?" he asked in dismay as he stood up and looked at the massive length of limb of his patient.

"I reckon we'll hab to leab him hyah, boss. It's one suah t'ing dis nigger can't carry dat man."

Before Martin could answer the giant opened his eyes, and, to Martin's amazement, sat up.

"Steady on!" said Martin quickly. "You must keep still."

The giant smiled as if he understood, and the smile took all the grimness out of his face and made

him look quite human. He said some words, and stretched out his great hand.

Martin saw that he wanted something, but was not quite sure what. The big man pointed to his mouth, then Martin understood.

"Water—that's what he's after. Where's the bottle, Scipio?"

Scipio, who was getting over his nervousness, produced the bottle, and the Lemurian drank deeply.

Martin next opened a parcel of bread and meat. At the same time he took out a small packet of salt, and offered this to his prisoner. The Lemurian hesitated, and looked very hard at Martin. Then, seemingly satisfied, he took a pinch of salt, sprinkled it on a piece of the bread, and began to eat. Martin drew a long breath of relief. He knew how much bread and salt meant to the ancient Norsemen. Now he was sure that he, the Professor, and Scipio had nothing more to fear from this man. Whatever happened he was their friend.

The Lemurian ate like a starved man. With every mouthful his strength came back, and when he had finished he looked another man.

Even so, Martin hardly supposed he would be able to stand, let alone walk. But he rose easily to his feet and pointed downwards, evidently asking whether it was not time to start back.

"Dat fellow's a libbing wonder, Marse Martin," observed Scipio. "Yo' couldn't kill him wid an axe."

"Don't try, Scipio," said Martin drily; and led the way downhill.

A little later he brought him safely into the cave. The moment they stepped into the Painted Hall the giant pulled up short and looked around him. His expression changed, and suddenly he dropped on his knees and lowered his head, raising his hands with a strange gesture.

"I thought so." It was Professor Distin's voice. "This is their holy place. Martin, I congratulate you on taming the giant. Was he any trouble?"

"None. He took bread and salt."

"Excellent. It was clever of you to remember that. Then he will be our friend, and I must say—the Professor's voice was suddenly grave—"I am glad of it."

"Why do you say that?" asked Martin quickly. "Were you afraid of him?"

"There is something of which I am very much more afraid," answered the Professor. "I will explain at some other time. Now we must get our patient to bed."

CHAPTER 21

The Professor's Promise

The morning sun, pouring through the tall windows of the great cliff room, shone brightly on the snowy cloth of the breakfast-table, and on the piles of richly coloured fruit which was always a part of every meal. Martin and the Professor had just taken their seats, and Scipio had brought in the coffee and the usual dish of deliciously grilled fish.

"How is he, Professor?" asked Martin.

"Doing very well indeed. He has little fever, and his wounds are healing fast. The man has the health of a savage together with the build and will-power of the Norsemen who were his ancestors."

"I wish we knew something about him," said Martin.

"I know quite a good deal already," replied the Professor, with a smile. "I have found out his

name, which is Akon. And as he is clearly a pure-blooded Norseman, I am practically certain that he is the son of a chief. And I know how old he is. He told me on his fingers. He is twenty-four."

"Pure Norse, is he?" exclaimed Martin. "I say, Professor, I wonder if he knows the Norwegian language?"

The Professor shook his head.

"Impossible!" he answered. "Modern Norse is quite different from the language of the days when his forefathers landed on Lemuria."

"But wait a minute! Surely I have read somewhere that they still talk the old language up in Iceland. Yes, and that even the children understand the ancient Sagas, or Songs of the Vikings."

The Professor's face lighted up.

"Upon my word, I believe you are right," he said. "And, as it happens, I have a copy of the Sagas here. They belonged to poor Krieger. I shall try the experiment immediately after breakfast."

The meal finished, he bustled off to where Akon was lying in bed, and it was nearly an hour before he came back.

"You were right, Martin!" he burst out. "He does understand. Of course, he cannot read; and as for me, I know very little of the language. But you should have seen his face light up when I read to him! He took it all in. We shall be all right now," he went on. "Within a very short time we shall be able to understand one another; and I shall learn more about this extraordinary island."

He was tremendously pleased and happy about it all; but Martin still had in his mind the memory of the old gentleman's grave face the previous afternoon, when he had spoken of some mysterious danger which seemed to threaten them.

"How about the other man?" he asked.

"His name is Thur," the Professor told him. "I got that out of Akon. Thur has got his senses back, but he is not fit to move. I think we can safely leave him and Akon in Scipio's care while I show you our dynamoes."

"I'm awfully keen to see them," declared Martin, as he followed the Professor out of the room.

The latter led the way down a passage cut, like the rest of the cave dwelling, in the living rock, and lit, like the rest, by electricity. As they came near a door he heard the deep, low roar of falling water.

The Professor opened the door, and the roar became deafening. He touched a switch, and a great glow of white light shone upon a solid column of shining black water which came plunging down through the roof, driving the turbine which was set in the opening beneath, then disappearing through an opening in the floor.

"All the power we want," shouted the Professor in Martin's ear. "And the beauty of it is that we found the fall just as it is now after we came here."

"Then all that power has been wasting for hundreds of years," said Martin.

"Thousands perhaps," replied the Professor. "Though, mind you, I believe the ancient folk who cut this cave and the flume through which the water comes must have

done so with a purpose. They may have used it for a mill, or for all we know they understood electricity as well as we do."

"And here the water will go on running for thousands of years more," said Martin.

"I am not so sure about that," began the Professor, then stopped short. For as he spoke the solid rock beneath their feet seemed to heave and sway, and down below was a rumbling deep and hoarse, like the passing of hundreds of heavily loaded wagons.

Martin clutched at the cold, wet wall of the cave for support.

"What is it?" he gasped.

"An earthquake," answered the Professor, who was also clinging to the wall.

Again the whole cave swayed dizzily. The motion was like that of a slow swell, the floor rising and falling beneath their feet. Martin felt sick and dizzy.

It passed, and the growling rumble died in the distance.

Dead silence followed.

"Look!" muttered Martin—"look! The stream has stopped!"

It had. Just as if a tap had been turned off, the waterfall had vanished.

"The bank has fallen in above," said the Professor. "We must see to it at once, or we shall be left in darkness. Martin," he added, "that was a bad shock."

"Do you have them often?" asked Martin.

"Pretty frequently, but as a rule only slight tremors. Of late they have been getting worse. That, Martin, is part of the danger of which I spoke to you."

He paused, and his face was very grave indeed.

"That decides me," he continued. "As soon as possible I will take you across the lake. Then you can judge for yourself the peril that confronts us. Now we must go and find where the stream is dammed."

Outside was Scipio, looking badly scared.

"My golly, boss, dat was the worse one yet! I reckoned de roof was a-coming down on our heads."

"Any damage done?" asked the Professor.

Scipio shook his woolly head.

"Broke a whole heap of crockery, sah. And dere ain't no shops heah whar we kin buy cups and saucers."

"I dare say we shall have enough to last us," said the Professor, with a smile. "The worst of it is that it has cut off our water, Scipio. You had better get some dynamite and go up with Mr. Vaile and see to it."

Martin and Scipio found that the block was caused by a great boulder which had rolled into the bed of the brook. But before they reached it, the water had risen above it, and was pouring over. So, as there was no need to do anything, they came straight back.

"Yes; the water began to flow again almost as soon as you had started," said the Professor. "Very well, Martin, I will keep my promise, and as soon as we have had some luncheon, we will take the launch and cross the lake. I think I shall be able to show you something that you will never forget till your dying day."

TO BE CONTINUED

Five-Minute Story

OLD PHOEBE

Everyone who visited Brighton in the early part of the last century knew old Phoebe Hessel, who used to sit at the corner of the Steyne and Marine Parade, selling her sweets and toys and home-made pincushions.

She was a quaint figure in her antique bonnet and frill, knitted tippet, and long, washleather mittens, though nobody would have taken her to be an ex-soldier. Yet that is precisely what she was.

She could tell a romantic story of her far-distant youth, a story of hazardous adventure and heroic daring; for when she was still in her teens she ran away from home, disguised as a boy, and enlisted in the Fifth Regiment of Foot.

"You see," she would say, her bright eyes dimming with tears as sweet memories and sad returned to her, "my sweetheart's regiment had been ordered to the West Indies, and I could not bear the thought of being separated from him. I joined the Fifth Foot because I knew that was being drafted to the West Indies, too."

She served in the Army for seventeen years, and was wounded in the arm at the battle of Fontenoy.

After the battle, when General Pearce's wife was visiting the injured, Phoebe managed to attract her attention.

"Dear lady, would it be possible to obtain my discharge?" she asked eagerly.

"Indeed," replied the general's wife kindly, "I do not think I—"

"You are a woman; you love your husband," pleaded the other. "Listen, I am a woman as well! My lover lies in Plymouth Hospital nigh unto death, and, oh—I pray you intercede for me, madam, that I may go and nurse him."

The general's wife looked down aghast at the bronzed, hardy soldier.

"You—a woman!" she exclaimed incredulously.

And then Phoebe told her story.

Touched by her obvious sincerity, her courage, and devotion, the general's wife did all in her power to help her, and within a few days Phoebe was speeding back to England.

How overjoyed the poor soldier in Plymouth Hospital must have been to see again the brave woman who had suffered so much for his sake. Through her tender nursing he recovered his health, and retired from the Army on a Pension.

"And so, after all the peril and hardship," she would say, her old weather-beaten face wreathed in smiles, "we were married at last, and lived together peacefully and happily for a number of years."

When Phoebe was very old George IV. gave her a small annuity, which she added to by selling her wares on Brighton front. She died at the great age of 108, and if you go to Brighton you can see her tombstone there in the churchyard of St. Nicholas.

NEXT WEEK'S BIRTHDAYS & WHAT HAPPENED ON THEM

Sunday, May 11. Spencer Perceval, British Prime Minister, was shot dead in the lobby of the House of Commons, in 1812.

Monday. By crossing the Douro in 1809, the Duke of Wellington captured Oporto, and rolled back the French invasion.

Tuesday. Georges Cuvier, the zoologist, and a pioneer of education in France, died in 1832.

Wednesday. Gabriel Daniel Fahrenheit, inventor of the thermometer called by his name, was born at Dantzic in 1686.

Thursday. Daniel O'Connell, the foremost figure in the history of Ireland during the early part of the nineteenth century, died at Genoa, when on the way to Rome, in 1847.

Friday. The Dauphin of France, afterwards Louis XVI., married, in 1770, Marie Antoinette, both being destined to end their wedded life upon the scaffold.

Saturday. Edward Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, was born in 1749, at the vicarage of Berkeley, Gloucestershire.

May 10, 1919

The Children's Newspaper

11

Care Killed the Cat—Let's Drive Dull Care Away

D! MERRYMAN

Diner: "What do you call this stuff?"

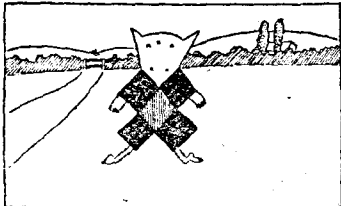
Waiter: "Mock turtle soup, sir."

Diner: "Well, tell the chef he has carried his mockery too far."

A Tongue-Twister

Betty Botta bought some butter.
"But," she said, "this butter's bitter.
But a bit of better butter
Will but make my butter better."
So she bought a bit of better
Better than the bitter butter,
And it made her butter better.
So 'twas better Betty Botta
Bought a bit of better butter.

The Zoo That Never Was

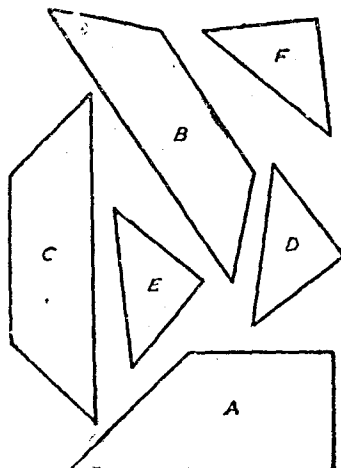


The Chet

One day I met a little Chet,
Scarce bigger than a wink;
I gave a cough, and it ran off,
And vanished in a twink.

What does the Mauretania weigh
Before she leaves port?
She weighs anchor.

The Greek Cross Puzzle



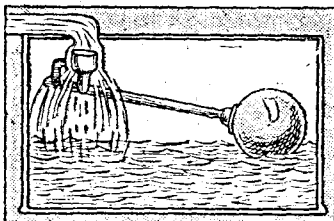
Can you put these six pieces together to form a perfect Greek cross?
Solution next week

Do You Live at Oxford?

Oxford comes from the English word, a shallow part of a stream. It probably means "the place in the stream where oxen may cross."

PICTURES THAT ANSWER QUESTIONS

How is a Cistern kept Filled?



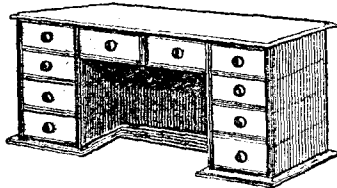
The floating ball lowers with the water, and removes the plug from the inlet pipe

A Model Writing-Desk

A handsome little model of a writing-desk may be made from ten empty matchboxes. In the drawers you can keep pins, postage stamps, and other small things.

First gum or glue together the outer cases of four matchboxes in a tier. Do the same

with four others, and then gum two cases side by side between the two tiers at the top. Now take all the inner cases and insert the shank of a boot-button through the small end of each box, and make it secure by thrusting through the shank a piece of match-stalk, as shown in the small sketch. Cut a piece of cardboard to the shape of the top,



the bottom and the sides, making the top piece slightly larger than the top of the structure. Gum these in position; and cover the entire model with coloured paper, or, better still, with leatherette paper.

A famous preacher was trying to think of the name of one of Job's daughters. "Kezia," said somebody at once, and the preacher congratulated him on his Bible learning.

"Oh," said he, "my three greyhounds are named after Job's daughters!"

To the Terrestrial Globe

By a Miserable Wretch

This little address to the globe is part of the heritage of merriment that Sir W. S. Gilbert left behind him in the world.

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through pathless realms of space
Roll on!

What though I'm in a sorry case?
What though I cannot meet my bills?
What though I suffer toothache's ills?

What though I swallow countless pills?
Never you mind!
Roll on!

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
Through seas of inky air
Roll on!

It's true I have no skirt to wear;
It's true my butcher's bill is due;
It's true my prospects all look blue,
But don't let that unsettle you;
Never you mind!
Roll on!

It rolls on.

Is Your Name Here?



These pictures represent a boy's and a girl's name. Do you know what they are?
Answers next week

A small man once started to climb
Up the tower to Big Ben, saying,
"I'm
So sorry to vex
But I've broken my specs,
And I want to see what is the time."

To Measure a Foot

The upright rules on this page are one foot long; the double rule in this column is marked in inches.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE A Mystery

We are the number of letters in the numerals. Thus, there are six letters in the word twenty; in six, which is twice three, there are three letters, and so on.

ORDER YOUR PAPER
FOR NEXT WEEK NOW

Adolphus on the River

"Whew! it is hot!" said Big Brother Adolphus, puffing like a porpoise—"as hot as August. I'll take a stroll by the river."

"Don't fall in, or you'll spoil your new tie," said Jacko cheekily.

"If I catch you!" roared Adolphus, as purple as his tie.

But he didn't; Jacko saw to that. He ran out into the garden, and forgot all about his big brother and his purple tie. But he remembered at tea-time, for his father asked:

"Where is Adolphus?"

"When I last saw him he was dying—" said Jacko.

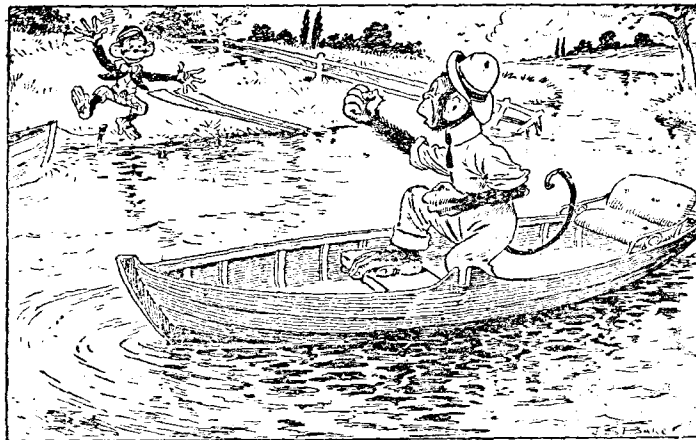
His mother screamed.

"For the river," finished Jacko quietly.

"You wicked boy!" exclaimed his sister Belinda. "What a fright you gave us."

Jacko helped himself to two more slices of bread and jam, a tart, and a currant bun, gulped down a cup of tea, and disappeared.

"That lad is a torment," remarked his father.



"His appetite is," said his mother. "But he's a good lad—he's gone to find his brother."

So he had. He found him lying in a boat in the middle of the river.

"Hallo!" called Jacko.

But there was no answer.

"Well," said Jacko, "if he isn't fast asleep! Tied his boat up, has he? And tucked his oars safe away. If he lost 'em he'd look funny. He would look funny," repeated Jacko, grinning. "I'd like to see him."

He found another boat, jumped into it, and rowed out to the middle of the stream. Quick as lightning he picked up the oars, and carried them off.

Brother Adolphus woke up with a start.

"Someone has stolen my oars," he cried.

He looked at the bank, and there was Jacko dancing a hornpipe.

"You little wretch!" he stormed. "Bring them back."

"Come and fetch them!" cried Jacko, roaring with laughter. What would have happened nobody knows. But at that moment up came the man the boat belonged to.

"Who's been using my boat?" he demanded angrily.

Jacko took to his heels.

The Adventures of Augustus and Marmaduke

Augustus said to Marmaduke, "Near Farmer Thompson's trees, if I remember rightly, are several hives of bees."

Said Marmaduke, "How splendid! Some honey we will get."

Augustus winked a naughty eye and simply said, "You bet."

"Burn brown paper near the hives, and bees won't sting," they said.

(I can't think how this notion ever entered either's head.)

As Augustus lit the paper, young Marmy moved a hive.

The bees, the boys discovered now, were very much alive.

On nose and lips, on cheeks and chin, the bees came by the score.

Augustus and young Marmaduke could only run and roar.

Their faces swelled and swelled and swelled. "I fear," the doctor said,

"For many, many weeks these boys will have to stay in bed."



A Man & His Friend

There was once a man who owned a little kingdom, and reigned over it as absolute a monarch as ever lived.

His realm was a world of books, and his faithful subjects included some of the most eminent men of the day—statesmen, artists, men of letters, a great historian, a famous actor.

They all came to hear him talk, and they enjoyed his society so much that they formed a club at a little tavern, and there they met regularly for many years, talking, arguing—quarrelling even, but all with such keen enjoyment that we read of their doings with feelings of envy.

And the man who presided over these gatherings was a clumsy, headstrong fellow, full of knowledge, but tactless, overbearing in manner—a huge man with a huge voice that bellowed forth his opinions for all to hear. He had a very decided opinion on every subject under the sun. It was not always a wise opinion, but he hurled it at you with great force and conviction, and if you disagreed with him he would shout at you and browbeat you until you had not a word left to defend yourself with.

The man who got the biggest snubbings was a little Scottish lawyer, who followed him about like a shadow, and worshipped the ground he trod upon. He was so jealous of his hero's fame that he would never hear a word against him, and he fought his battles with unflinching devotion.

The great man was a brilliant talker. He knew so much, and what he said was so interesting, that nobody seemed to mind his overbearing ways. But he was full of prejudices, and often unfair to men who were intellectually more than his equal.

He was a maker of books, but he was by no means a great writer, though one piece of work that he did stands out as a great achievement. His writings generally are open to a great deal of criticism. He loved pompous, high-sounding words, and his influence was unhappily against the simple, direct style we all admire today. If it had not been for his friend the lawyer his name would probably have been forgotten long ago; it was to him that he owed the greater part of his fame.

For the gruff bear had a heart as tender as a child. To those who really needed his sympathy no one could be kinder or more generous; and it is his great friend and admirer who has given us the real man in one of the most delightful biographies that has ever been written.

The man, as he has drawn him, is so big and human, so transparent in his weaknesses, so simple in his virtues, that he makes another friend for his hero of every reader of his book. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



THE LITTLE CHAP LAST WEEK WAS NELSON

The Children's Newspaper grows out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world. The Magazine appears on the 15th of each month, and the Editor's address is: Arthur Mee, Fleetway House, Farringdon St., London, E.C. 4.

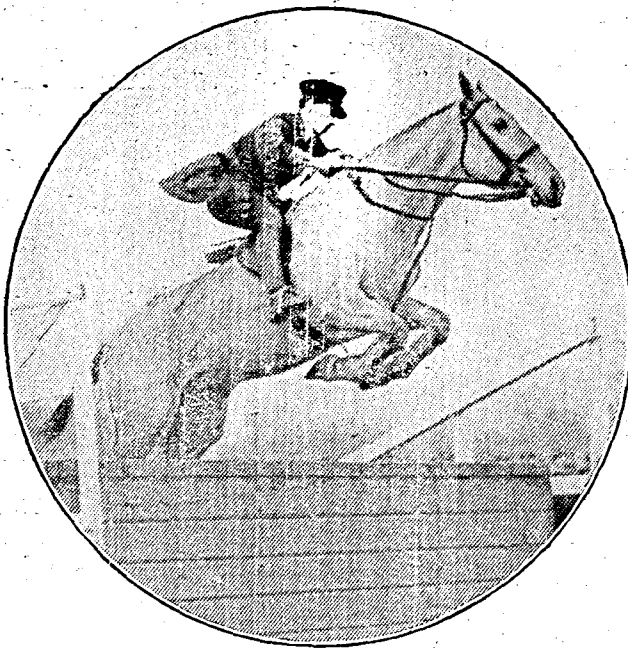
CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

Postage of the Children's Newspaper is id. anywhere; a year's postal subscription is 8s. 8d. A year's postal subscription to its monthly companion, My Magazine, is: British Isles, 14s.; Canada, 13s.; elsewhere, 13s. 6d. In South Africa and Australasia all subscriptions must go through the agents given below.

BOY WHO FOUGHT A MAD DOG. FLYING PARCEL POST. JANE LEE & TEDDY BEAR



The boy who was wounded in fighting a mad dog. See story on page 2



An officer's leap on horseback in an obstacle race at the Royal Artillery Mounted Sports



Jumbo has his morning scrub. A scene at the London Zoo



Waiting for daddy to fly from America. Mr. Hawker's little girl and her mother



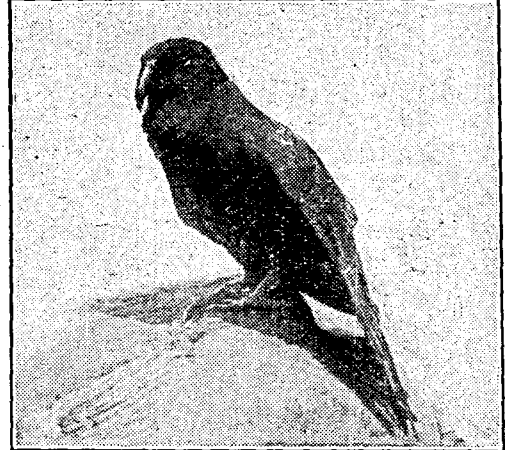
A child who earns thousands of pounds a year. Little Jane Lee, who is famous on the films. See story on page 2



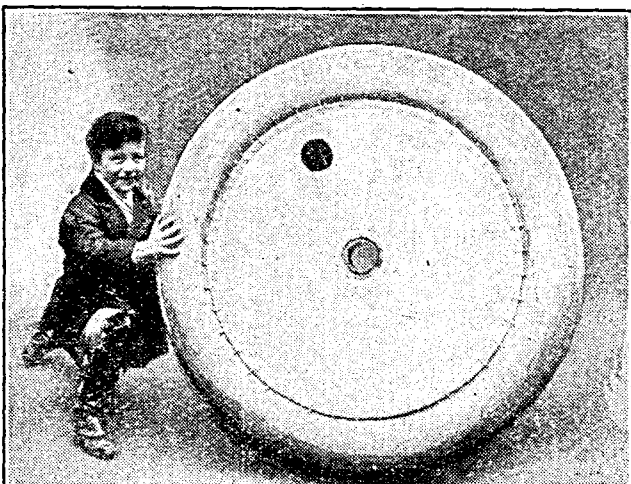
The boy lends a hand in Pharaoh's Land. The boys of Egypt are very adaptable



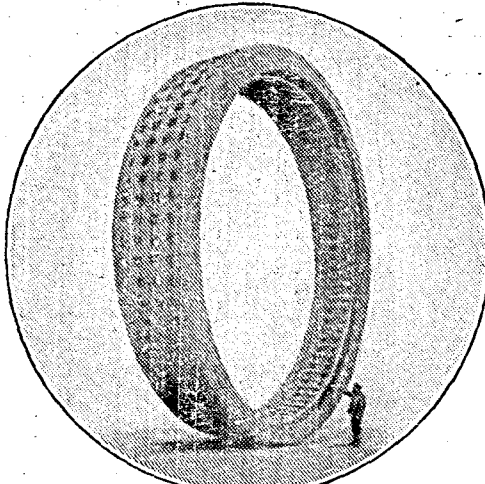
Teddy enjoys himself



The kea parrot, which has taken to bad habits. See story on page 2



The two wheels—On the left is the wheel of one of the new aeroplanes, surprisingly big to those who have seen it only in the sky; on the right is an enormous armature in an electric generating station, over 31 feet across and weighing 72 tons



The New Aerial Parcel Post—delivery of goods by aeroplane: a box of films

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